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O'BYRNE;

OR,

THE EXPATRIATED.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(*Concluded.*)

On a sudden there was an interruption given to the joyous revellers—a door was flung open, and in bounded the figure of a man, who, raising his arms wildly above his head, leaping at least three feet from the ground, and uttering at the same time a loud and significant whistle, might have been taken for a fool. This person was attired in the usual habiliments of the officers' servants, and it was evident he was not unknown to the company.

"How, now, Con!" exclaimed a young officer near him, endeavoring to control his laughter as he spoke: "How, now, sirrah! hast thou had news from thy faithful Sheelah—or is there an order come from her gracious majesty across the straits that we should all return to take possession of our old quarters at home? Speak, thou fool! thou hast been long enough exercising thy limbs there—let us hear the news!"

"Arrah! now! Master O'Donnell! will you just let a poor fellow alone—and not be cracking your jokes on him!" replied the individual addressed, who was no other than the servant of O'Byrne. "Don't be making my teeth water, if you please, sir! talking about the girls at home!—but sure, my lord!" he added, addressing the President—"and, gentlemen all—for I know ye'll be all right glad to hear it—sure my master's come back!"

You don't say so, Con!" exclaimed several voices, as a simultaneous movement of surprise and pleasure ran through the assembly—"Tell us, thou most respectable of valets! when did he arrive?"

"When did he arrive, is it?—just about five minutes ago—do ye think I'd be long without coming to tell ye the good news?"

"Will you go, then, Con!" said Lord Clare, "and tell your master that we await his presence with much impatience?"

"Yes, my Lord!" replied Con, with a low bow, catching at the same time his forelock between his finger and thumb; this salaam was accompanied, however, by a certain scrape of the left foot, which unhappily when protruded in the rear came in undesired contact with the legs of the aforesaid O'Donnell. The latter vented a hearty malediction on Con's attempt at bowing, as he bent to press his hand upon the afflicted member. On finding the result of his salutation, Con turned round, and looking O'Donnell full in the face, said as he left the room to deliver the Count's message—

"Well! Mr. O'Donnell! that'll just teach you to keep at a civil distance from me for the future—for you're always nearer to me than is pleasing, because you're for making your game of me everywhere!"

A hearty laugh from every corner of the room followed this speech, and there was none laughed louder than O'Donnell himself, on whose frank, ingenuous countenance no trace of displeasure was visible.

A few minutes passed in eager expectation, when the door was again opened, and the stately form of Philip O'Byrne entered the apartment. He had scarcely made three steps in advance when the table was left deserted, and he became the centre of a gay and laughing crowd, all vieing with each other who should have the first "shake-hands" and give the first welcome. To him who had been for many days a lonely wanderer nothing could be more truly gratifying than this reception, and as he turned from one to the other, and saw each familiar face radiant with pleasure—as he felt the grasp of each friendly hand, he internally exclaimed—

"Yes! I have yet much to live for—does not each of these love me as a brother, and to them will I transfer the affection which I had garnered up for those who are now no more!"

The gallant Clare now approaching, accompanied by Lord Galmoy, the younger gentlemen respectfully made way for them. O'Byrne advanced to meet the venerable chiefs, and taking a hand of each he bowed low before them, as they greeted him with a kind and paternal welcome. A voice now called out—

"Come, come! O'Byrne! take possession of your ancient seat, and let us make merry!"

"Yes!" said Clare, and as he spoke, he moved to the head of the board, and took his place, an example which was quickly followed by all the others—"Yes! I thank you, Blake! for the suggestion—why should we not rejoice and 'kill the fatted calf' seeing that our prodigal is returned? Come, boys, fill a bumper to Philip O'Byrne!"

Though the return of O'Byrne gave singular pleasure to every heart there present, yet were there some who could not resist the temptation of teasing him a little on his disappointment; be it premised, notwithstanding, that while they did so, each one secretly felt it as if it had been his own, and even their jests were uttered in a tone of bitterness, while the laugh that followed seemed more like a sneer of derision. Yes! they felt—keenly felt—that O'Byrne's case was their own.

Meanwhile Con Dogherty had descended to the kitchen, in no very good humor it would seem, for he kept muttering and grumbling to himself in a way that attracted the attention of his fellow-servants.

"Why, Con, what's in the wind now?" inquired a grave, sedate-looking man of mature years, who seemed to carry his head somewhat higher than the others. This was Shamus O'Doud, the confidential valet of Lord Clare. "Have the gentlemen been cracking jokes on your head as usual?"

"Well, it isn't that, Mister Shamus!—its like a second nature to me to be laughed at, and I'd be all as one as lonesome if Mr. O'Donnell and the others *didn't* pick talk out of me—oh! no, Shamus agra! it isn't that—I'll just tell you all about it, for though I know you'll laugh at me, I don't care a straw—it'll ease my mind to get it out."

"To be sure it will, Con!" cried one and another with assumed gravity—"come what is it?" and they all gathered round him.

"Well, you all know little Sheelah?"

"Know Sheelah? is it the bright-eyed Limerick lass that knocked down the English captain with the blow of a stone between the eyes when he was just mounting the breach—why everybody knows her——"

"Yes! and everybody knows, too, that Con carried her off in his arms when the Englishmen made a grab at her, and she with her apron full of stones to pelt the English—sure enough them Limerick women beat the world—they ought to be in the Brigade—every mother's—daughter of them!"

The laugh that followed was taken very quietly by Con who seated himself very leisurely on a stool, and with his two hands resting on his knees kept glancing from one to the other, with a look of stolid indifference.

"Well! are you done now?" he asked at length when their merriment began to subside.

"Yes! yes! go on, Con!"

"Well Shamus!—you're the only sensible man in it—(another laugh)—sure when the master went to Ireland, I was in hopes he'd see little Sheelah, and so I just thought I'd ask him, when I was helping him to dress for the mess, and says I, 'Captain, might a body make so free as to ask were you in Limerick at all, sir?'—with that he snapped at me like a cross dog. 'What would bring me to Limerick?' says he, 'you foolish fellow.' 'Well, I don't know, Captain, says I, 'but somehow I thought you might steal in before you'd leave Ireland just to have a look at the place, though, to be sure, it isn't to you what it is to us that—' 'that have Sheelahs there,' says he laughing. 'Well! it wasn't that I was going to say, Captain,' says I, 'but maybe it was in my heart. There's not a neater little gersha on Irish ground than that same Sheelah, an' myself is the boy that knows it well.' With that the Captain burst out a laughing, and says he, 'why, Con, my poor fellow, I'm afraid your Sheelah is no *gersha* by this time—or at least if she is, she must be rather hard in the horn. She's married and settled long ago, take my word for it,—myself was nettled at this, you may be sure, and I told him back again that he was out for once, for,' says I, 'Captain, Sheelah O'More is none of your Luttrel's—she is as true as steel.' 'But God help you!' says he, 'you forgot that you're growing old yourself—there's as many gray hairs as black in your head this many a day—and though Sheelah may be something younger, still she can be no chicken now, when she was able to lend a hand at the siege of Limerick—thirteen years is a long time, my good fellow! and makes many a change. With that he gave a great sigh, and told me I might go, for he didn't want me any more. Is it any wonder now that I'd be in bad humor.'"

Leaving his comrades to console him with their mock sympathy, let us return to the mess-room up stairs.

O'Byrne had hardly time to give an account of his adventures, and was just describing to his deeply-interested audience the state in which he had found his ancestral home, when the door stealthily opened, and Con's face made itself visible, the eyes peering anxiously round till they encountered those of his master, where they rested for a moment. The latter, seeing that Con remained stationary—holding the door a-jar, and his face alone protruded within the room, motioned for him to retire. The worthy valet instead of obeying, beckoned his master, who, on his part, unwilling to draw the attention of the company towards his servant's motions, waved his hand angrily and impatiently, dreading that something ludicrous might follow such an opening. What was his surprise when he beheld Con extend his arm at full length in the act of presenting a letter. At this sight he forgot his precaution, and called out angrily, "Why the deuce do you stand there winking and nodding? Give me the letter, you stupid blockhead!"

Forthwith all eyes were turned on Con, and a general laugh followed, in the midst of which Con preserved his usual composure. Seeing, however, that he was discovered—he addressed his master, "Troth, and if I'm stupid, there's more than me so, begging your honor's pardon. And sure it's all because it's a secret about the letter, for the young lady's servant told me, says he, 'Con, mind you're to give that letter to your master when he comes back, an' you're not to let any one see you giving it to him, because if it should come to the ears of——'"

"Hold your foolish tongue, fellow!" interrupted his master, while his brother officers loudly called on Con to continue. "Yes, yes, Con! tell us by all means who the strange servant was afraid of—and the young lady herself, who is she—tell us now, like a good fellow as you are!"

"No, nor the devil a word!" replied Con, who, by the way, was a sort of privileged person in the corps. "Does your honors think that I'd be sich a fool as to betray my master's secrets? No—no—Con Doherty's not the boy for that. Here's the letter, Captain! an' I'm sure that they'll be right glad to hear that you're back again. Will you send an answer the night, your honor?" he added, looking anxiously in his master's face. The poor fellow was confounded on meeting a look of stern displeasure, and without making the slightest reply when ordered to withdraw, he hastily slunk from the room.

There was on the face of O'Byrne when he turned to the table an expression of cold reserve which he well knew how to assume, and which effectually deterred his companions from any attempt at raillery, and when, soon after, he arose and bowed to the President, with an apology for retiring thus early, all present felt a sort of relief, for which they could not have accounted even to themselves, since O'Byrne was a general favorite.

Having once escaped from the company in the mess-room, O'Byrne proceeded to his own apartment, where he hastily put on a large cloak, and summoning Con to his presence he ordered him on no account to quit that room till his return; "and, another thing I have to say to you, Con," said the master, "if I ever hear of you mentioning the Lady Delphine's name, either in my presence or out of it, in jest or in earnest, that hour you leave my service. She and I are strangers to each other for the time to come—mind that?"

"I will, Captain dear, I will, but God knows I'm sorry to hear it, for I think she had a great wish for you entirely—I was just saying so last night to Shamus below——"

He was brought to a sudden stop by the dark frown that knit O'Byrne's brows, and for a moment the two stood regarding each other in silence, the one with a severe and menacing look, the other glancing up from under his brows in a stealthy and deprecatory manner.

"I know there is not much use in talking to you, Con!" said his master at length, "but remember for once what I have told you—if you forget, you know the consequences."

"Oh! God help me, sir, I do!"

Leaving his servant to meditate at leisure on his parting injunction, O'Byrne left the house as quietly as possible, and after walking for about a quarter of an hour, he stopped in front of a stately mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain. Not a glimpse of light was visible in any of the windows, and O'Byrne's first thought was that the family were not at home. He determined, however, to make a trial, so, laying hold of the huge bronze knocker, he gave a single rap. The door was instantly opened, and there stood an aged porter, in all the powdered dignity of his office. His surprise was great on seeing O'Byrne, but the latter checked with a motion of his hand the joyful exclamation that was hovering on his lips, and asked in a low voice if all the family were at home. "Why, yes, Captain! they're all in the back drawing-

room, I believe. They have had a letter to-day from the Major, and Madame told me that he asked particularly if you were returned—I'll send to let them know you're here—parbleu! how glad they'll be—especially you know who." He was just going to call a servant, when O'Byrne laid his hand on his arm, saying in a hoarse whisper:

"Don't! don't—at least not the Marquis or Marquise—if you can manage to let Mademoiselle know—I will be obliged to you."

"Well! well!" muttered the old man," there's no understanding these gentle folk—walk in, then, Captain, and sit down. I'll go and speak to one of the girls and let *her* manage it!—morbleu! I don't like such underhand doings!"

"Nor I neither," said Philip to himself as the old man hobbled off, incommoded with the weight of his rich livery," but I do not feel equal to a meeting with the haughty Marquis who has all along only tolerated my intimacy in the family—true I saved the life of his only son, and he ever *professes* much gratitude, but I know his proud heart swells under the obligation, and if he could cancel the memory of it he would at any cost. Did he know of my affection for his daughter I should long since have been forbidden the house, or I am much mistaken? Poor Delphine!—what a heavy blow awaits you this night—just when you were expecting me to return in a position to demand your hand!—ah! my God! sustain me—here she comes!"

A door opened softly, and the lovers were face to face—Delphine flushed with joyous expectation—Philip pale and ghastly

"As him who saw the spectre-hound in Man."

But even he brightened up for a moment in the joy of seeing her he loved again, and there was no cloud on his brow—no token of the anguish gnawing within—as he returned her fervent greeting. As he gazed upon her calm, fair features, radiant with love, hope, and joy, he almost forgot that it was his hard lot to bring sorrow and disappointment to the young heart that loved him so well. But the dream was only for a moment—Delphine's tremulous tones recalled him to himself.

"My father and mother are both above!" said she, "and they will be *so* glad—especially my dear mother. But you did well not to come up at once, for there are some strangers there, and I should not like to have met you *first*, before them. You will come now, however, but tell me—*before* we go—have you been successful?—what of the O'Byrne acres?" and she smiled archly.

"Delphine!" said O'Byrne, and he dropped the fair hand which he had till then retained; "Delphine! dearest Delphine! you behold me poor as when we parted—nay, poorer still, for I am now a bankrupt even in hope—I come to return your plighted troth, and to bid you adieu forever!"

"Philip—Philip O'Byrne!" rejoined Delphine quickly, "I have plighted my faith to you with my mother's sanction—I am yours still—that is unless you choose to resign me!—I wish for no other wealth than your love—I have enough for both, and you know it, too!"

"I do know it, sweet one!—I know you are independent of the Marquis, your father, by means of your uncle's will; and this it is which decides our fate. Were you poor—were you dependent on the will of your haughty father—then would I—oh! how readily!—accept of your generous sacrifice, and take you to my bosom—mine for ever!—certain that your mother would bless our union—well I know that we should be happy without riches. But now, that is impossible—never could Philip O'Byrne stoop to receive fortune at the hands of his wife—never shall it be said that he was raised from beggary by her generosity! Oh! no—no—my hopes are all shipwrecked—the future is to me a dreary blank, and I have only to seek death where it may be found with honor—on the battle field. Nay, loveliest! hear me," (seeing that Delphine was about to interrupt him,) "it is our last interview, and I must explain myself. You will accuse me of inordinate pride, and say that it has been the cause of our mutual unhappiness—it may be so—I indeed acknowledge it—but it is my misfortune, rather than my fault. Unhappily I cannot forget the lineage from which I spring—I cannot forget that though now a begger, I am still an Irish chieftain. But time flies, and you will be missed from the company—I would only add a request that when hereafter you may hear of my death, you will forgive the unhappiness I have caused you, knowing that I myself in losing you lose all hope for the future. At the same time you will drop a tear—at least I would hope so—to my memory, since I shall have most probably fallen in defence of your loved France!—to your dear mother—to Adolphe, my more than brother, say all I would say—Delphine, beloved Delphine—forget me—if you can—and be happy."

He was gone before Delphine could articulate a word—she felt a choking sensation that made speech impossible—her head swam round, and she dropped on a chair well nigh insensible. The suddenness of the shock had for the moment stunned her. Well for her that tears came at length to her relief, else would her heart have burst beneath its heavy load of anguish. But Delphine was no common girl—she was well accustomed to control her own feelings, and when some time after she returned to the saloon, none could discover on her fair features one trace of her recent emotion. True, the face had lost its usually rich coloring—it was pale and sad, but its quiet composure gave no reason to suppose that anything had disturbed her wonted serenity.

The lovers met no more, but their hearts were unchanged, and when a few months subsequent to their last sad meeting, O'Byrne fell in a skirmish with the Germans on the frontiers, Delphine gave no outward token of sorrow, since her love for him had been almost a secret to her family; but she internally resolved that no other should ever take Philip's place in her heart, or no other possess the hand that ought to have been his.

And thus died Philip—the last Chief of the O'Byrnes—he fell amid the wild excitement of the battle, with the sound of the French trumpets ringing in his ears, and the names of Ireland and of Delphine mingled with his last prayer.

MADAME PEFFIER ON PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN PERSIA.

The house of the Missionary Society in Oromia is splendidly situated. It overlooks the vast valley, the town, the low hills, and the mountains. The house itself is large, and provided and arranged with every possible comfort, so that I might have thought myself in the country-house of some rich private gentleman, instead of under the roof of simple disciples and followers of Christ. There were four wives here, and a troop of children, small and large. I passed some very agreeable hours among them, and heartily regretted that I had to leave at nine in the evening.

They presented to me some native girls, taught by the wives of the missionaries, who spoke and wrote a little English, and were very well versed in geography. Here I cannot avoid making some remarks on the missionaries, whose way of acting and living I had often had an opportunity of seeing in the course of my journey. I met missionaries in Persia, China, and India, and saw that they everywhere live quite different from what I had imagined. I had pictured to myself the missionaries as half, if not complete martyrs, and so inspired with the zealous wish to convert the heathens, that, like the disciples of Christ, they quite forgot their comforts and wants, living among the people under any roof, and eating from the same dish, &c. Ah! these were pictures and ideas I had drawn from books; the matter was quite different in reality. They live exactly like the opulent, have fine dwellings provided with all comforts and luxurious furniture. The missionaries repose on easy divans, their wives preside at the tea-table, and their children crave sturdily for cakes and pastry; nay, their position is more agreeable and free from care than that of most classes. They do not work too hard, and their salaries arrive regularly, let state and politics go as they will.

In places where the missionaries live, meetings are held three or four times a week. These meetings are said to be business sittings, but are nothing better than parties, at which the wives and children appear in full dress. At one of the missionaries the meeting is at breakfast, at another at dinner, and at a third at tea time, and several equipages may then be seen in the court.

Business is certainly spoken of. The gentlemen separate generally for about half-an-hour, but the greater part of the time is spent in the party.

I do not think that the missionaries will in this way easily and quickly gain the confidence of the people. The foreign dress, the elegant style of living, make the poor feel their distance too much, and rather inspire them with dread and preserve them with love and confidence. They do not venture so much as to look up to the wealthy, the great man, and the missionary has thus long to struggle ere he overcomes this inborn fright. The missionaries say they must maintain this prestige to create an impression and respect; but I think respect might be inspired by noble conduct, and that men should rather be attracted by virtue than by outward show.

Many of the missionaries believe that they do miracles, in preaching in the towns and villages, and giving out religious writings. They publish the most overwhelming accounts of the number of people that pour in to hear their preaching and receive their religious tracts, and, according to the descriptions, one might suppose that at least half the congregation would at once be converted into Christians. But indeed the hearing and the talking are no proof. Would not Chinese, Indian, Persian priests have large, and even as large congregations, if they were to preach in French in France, and in English in England, wearing their national dress all the while? Would not men gather round them in droves? would they not accept the books and tracts given out free, even if they could not read them?

I narrowly inquired in old places about the success of the missionaries, and everywhere heard that a baptism was a great rarity. The few Christians in India who here and there form hamlets of twenty or thirty families, have been orphans taken in and educated by the missionaries; but even they have to be provided with work and constantly watched over, that they do not fall back into their erroneous belief.

Sermons and pamphlets do not suffice to make religious precepts intelligible, to destroy errors sucked in with the mother's milk. The missionaries must live like fathers and friends among and with the people, must work with them,—in short, must share their joys and troubles, attract them by an exemplary, modest life, and gradually impart intelligible instruction. The missionary ought, also, not to marry a European, for the following reasons. The European girl educated to be a missionary's wife, frequently chooses this station to be as soon provided for as possible. If she has children or become weak and ill, she can no longer follow her calling, and requires a change of air, and perhaps a journey to Europe. The children also are delicate, and at the latest must be taken thither when seven years old. The father accompanies them, and makes use of this pretext to get for some little time to Europe. If the voyage to Europe is impracticable, another is taken to some mountain, some cool, suitable district; or he takes his wife and children with him on a visit to some Mela.* It must be remarked, also, that these journeys are not such simple affairs as mine; the missionary is encompassed with comforts. He has palanquins and bearers, pack-horses or camels, with tents, beds, cooking utensils, and table service, serving-men and women in sufficient number;—and who pays for all this? Frequently poor believing souls in Europe and North America, who frequently deprive themselves of necessaries in order that their mite may be dispensed in distant regions.

If the missionaries were wedded to natives† the greater part of these expenses and cares would be spared. There would be few sick women, and the children be healthy and strong, and not require taking to Europe. To instruct their country people, schools could be erected not quite so luxurious as those in Calcutta.

I hope my views will not be misunderstood. I have great respect for the missionaries, and all I knew were excelleut men, and I am firmly convinced that there are learned men amongst them who yield valuable contributions in history, geography, and ethnography. Whether they thus fulfil their real object is another question. A missionary has, I believe, other duties than those of a scholar.

For my part, I owe the gentlemen of the missions my thanks; they everywhere received me kindly and hospitably. Their way of living certainly struck me the more as the name of missionary made me involuntarily think of those who first, and without assistance, left their fatherland to spread abroad the doctrines of Christ, and who, beyond the pilgrim's staff, took nought with them.

Before I quit Oromia I must mention that this district passes for the birth-place of Zoroaster, who is said to have lived 5,500 years B.C., and from whom the Gebers or fire-worshippers are descended.

* The Indian religious festivals, at which thousands assemble. The missionaries often travel hundreds of miles to preach to the people.

† Or have they not won and educated so many souls that they can select themselves spouses?

KING JAMES'S IRISH ARMY LIST.

CAPTAIN LORD ENNISKILLEN, (CONNOR MAC GUIRE.)

The Irish county now known as Fermanagh, of which Enniskillen is the chief town, was anciently the principality of the sept of Mac Guire, who held it for centuries after the invasion, independent of English government; and were, according to the Irish form, solemnly inaugurated on the summit of Cuilcaigh, (the Quilka of Dean Swift,) and sometimes near Lisnaskea. In the time of James the First, however, Ulster, including their territory, fell into the power of the Crown by the Attainders of O'Neill, O'Donnel, Mac Guire, &c., and was subjected to the allocations and disposition of the Plantation. Nevertheless, Connor Roe Mac Guire, the acknowledged Captain of his name, obtained from King James a regrant of 12,000 acres of the confiscations of his ancestors, and was created Baron of Enniskillen, a title which passed in his descendants to the noblemen here introduced.

Of the earlier notices of this sept it may be mentioned that when, in 1314, King Edward was about to prosecute the war in Scotland, he directed an especial letter missive to "Laveragh Mac Wyr, duci Hibernorum," seeking his aid on the expedition. In 1379, when Edmund Mortimer, who had married the granddaughter of Edward the Third, came over to Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, various native chiefs waited upon him, and amongst these the Mac Guire. In 1428, "Hugh, the hospitable son of Philip Mac Guire, died at Kinsale, on his landing from Spain, where he had been performing the pilgrimage of St. James of Compostella. Thomas Oge Mac Guire, who had accompanied him, conveyed his body to Cork, where it was buried." The death of this Thomas Oge is thus commemorated by the Masters: "In 1480 died Thomas Oge, son of Thomas More, son of Philip, son of Hugh Roe Mac Guire, the most distinguished of his time for alms-doing, piety, and hospitality; a man who defended his territory against invading foes, a founder of monasteries and churches, a donor of chalices, a man who was at Rome, and twice visited the city of St. James, (of Compostella.) He was interred in the monastery of Cavan, having selected that as his burial place."

The influence of the Mac Guire in a later century is thus spoken of by Sir John Davis, in a report to the King's Council: "Concerning Fermanagh, otherwise Mac Guire's country, that territory was never reduced to the Crown from the conquest of Ireland, either by surrender, attainder, or other resumption whatever, until Sir John Perrot's government, who caused Lord Conogher, father of Hugh Mac Guire, who was a principal actor in the late rebellion, and slain in Munster, to surrender all the county of Fermanagh in general words unto the late Queen, and to take new patents back again of all the county in like general words to him and his heirs, whereupon was reserved a rent, &c." On the Plantation of Ulster, which was much influenced by this representation of the then Attorney-General, Bryan Mac Guire had a grant of various lands in the old district, with license for fairs and markets, to hold same for ever, as of the Castle of Dublin in common soccage, subject to the conditions of the Plantation. The Act for the attainders of the Ulster Lords (1612) makes express mention of Sir Hugh Mac Guire, as having then fallen in the field in rebellion. The sept, it may be concluded, suffered yet more severely in the confiscations of 1642, by reason of the part they had taken with Lord Mac Guire; while, beyond their ancient district, were attainted Murrough and Thomas Mac Guire of Angestown, county of Meath, and Donogh Mac Guire of Castlemartin, county of Kildare. Cromwell's Act of 1652 excepted from pardon for life and estate "Connor Mac Guire, Baron of Enniskillen;" while, on the other hand, the declaration of Royal gratitude, for services beyond the seas, recognizes those of Ensign Connor Mac Guire, and of Patrick Mac Guire of Ballykilcunny, "county of Enniskillen." In 1685-'6, the Earl of Sunderland wrote by the King's order from Whitehall to the Earl of Clarendon, then the Irish Viceroy, recommending to his Excellency Dr. Dominick Maguire, then Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, and the other prelates of that communion in Ireland, "for patronage and protection upon all occasions;" and desiring his Excellency to recommend to the Prelates of the Established Church, and to the Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace there, not to molest the Roman Catholic clergy in the exercise of their ecclesiastical functions amongst those of their own communion. The King further directed the payment of certain sums out of the Irish Exchequer to the said Catholic Primate to be partly for himself, and other parts in trust annuities for certain other proscribed Roman Catholic Bishops. The total sum so allocated for this hierarchy was £2,190 per annum, to be paid to the Primate, "without any account impressed or other charges to be set upon him."

Lord Enniskillen, though here ranked as but a Captain, was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Fermanagh, afterwards sat as a Peer in the Parliament of 1689, and ultimately commanded in this compaign a regiment which he had himself raised. He fought at Aughrim, where fell Colonel Art Mac Guire, "one of the chief noblemen of Ulster, and a stout warrior." Another Infantry regiment was led by Colonel Cuconnaght Mac Guire, the Deputy Lieutenant of Fermanagh; while in the Earl of Clancarty's Infantry Alexander Mac Guire was a Captain. The Attainders of 1691 present the names of Lord Enniskillen, Cuconnaght of Lisnaskea, county of Fermanagh; Alexander, also of Lisnaskea; Thomas of Mullintoosse, county of Antrim; James of Ballinecurvin, county of Cork; and Dominick Mac Gwire, "commonly called Primate of Ireland." After the Capitulation of Limerick, Lord Enniskillen accompanied the Irish army to France, but, having no regiment assigned to him there, he retired to St. Germains, where he died in October, 1708, aged 67. He was succeeded by his brother Philip, the sixth Lord Enniskillen, as he was styled; who by his wife, the daughter of Sir Phelim O'Neill of Kinard, and sister to Brigadier Gordon O'Neill, had a son Theophilus, seventh titular Lord Enniskillen; the son of which latter nobleman, by his lady, Margaret O'Donnell, of the Tyrconnell line, was named Alexander, and accounted eighth Lord Enniskillen. He was an officer of the Irish Brigades, and, about the middle of the last century, a Captain in Bulkeley's Regiment.

INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.—The late heavy rain has caused inundations. The waters of the Alliers have risen as high as during the great inundations of last year. The Govre had risen five feet at Roanue, but was again falling. The news of the great rise in the waters of the Alliers and Govre caused considerable alarm at Tours. The engineers are on the alert, and immediately adopted measures in case of fresh danger. The Prefect of Tours and Angers immediately warned all the public functionaries and all the people residing near the Govre to be on their guard.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Influence of Torylsm on the Repeal—O'Connell's Remarks on Religion in Ireland and France—Respective Influences of Democracy and Absolute Monarchy upon Religion—Catholicity in Scotland—Troops by Steam—O'Connell's Reply to the Threat—Paul Jones—O'Connell on Religious Persecution.

It was not easy to create any lasting depression of O'Connell's spirits. When defeated in the contest for Dublin, he said, "I fretted away all my fretting last night—I've got rid of it now." And he declared in Cork (for which county, as well as for Meath, he was forthwith returned), that so far from being discouraged by the Tory victories at the husting, his motto was, "*Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.*" We often conversed on our political prospects. His hopes of ultimate success were sanguine. He would not despond for one moment. It was his constitutional impulse, as well as his policy, to look at the sunny side of things.

"This resumption of power by the Tories," said he, "will help on the Repeal. We will now have many good recruits."

"I rather think not," said I. "Men will stand aloof. They will be afraid to join us. The Tories will put Orangemen upon the Bench, and the fears and self-interest of timid men will make them shrink from agitation."

"You are quite mistaken," said he. "There is no law against our agitation."

"They will make one," I replied. "You'll have an Algerine Act to put down the Repealers."

"Bah! The rules of the House would enable me for *one* session to defend Ireland against any such attempt."

"But not for *two* sessions," said I.

"By the end of the first," rejoined O'Connell, "the iniquity of the attempt would have accumulated around me such a strong reinforcement of the friends of freedom, that they could not dare to pass such an act."

"I doubt that very much," said I. "Our Irish agitation will be such a formidable obstruction to Peel, that he will try to put it down at all hazards. And as the *friends of freedom*, I place no reliance at all upon the English portion of them. They will look on with great composure at an effort to gag us, in which a great many of them will secretly sympathise. Do not you remember their conduct in 1833?"

"Now," said O'Connell, "my view of what is probable is so different from yours, that I dare say Peel won't even try coercion. I do assure you that I fear his affectation of liberality and moderation much more than his direct hostility."

"His supporters will *make* him try coercion."

"Oh, he will try the appearance of candour and liberality. But even if an Algerine Act were passed, I could agitate under it. We could have constant separate meetings. And under the Coercion Bill of 1833, I got up an association for charitable purposes. Peel's great Irish difficulty will be to restrain the excesses of his hot-brained Orange friends here."

One day I met at O'Connell's house M. l'Abbe Le Grand, a Parisian clergyman, who called on him to solicit his support to a Catholic journal. The state of religion in France and in Ireland was talked of. O'Connell said that the agitation of the Irish Liberal party had long been looked on with great suspicion at Rome, where the word "liberal" was held to be akin to "atheist."

"I do not wonder at their mistake," he continued. "In France, the party who called themselves 'liberal,' openly assailed Christianity, and labored to uproot all religion. But the Pope is now convinced that there is no similarity in this respect between the liberals of Ireland and those of the French Revolution. His Holiness knows there are not in the world Catholics more attached to their religion than are those who in Ireland are struggling for political liberty. In fact, the democratic spirit is more favorable to the cause of morality and religion, than the monarchical. In a democratic state, where electoral power belongs to the people, success in the objects of public ambition necessarily becomes, in a great measure, a question of personal preference. The public at large will rather commit their interests to the keeping of a man whom they believe to be under the influence of honest moral principle, than to a notorious vagabond, or scoffer at religion. A candidate for public favor in a democratic state would have little or no chance of success, if it could be established that he was a blackleg, a seducer, or in any way notoriously immoral. But this is not the case in a monarchy. Look at your Louis Quartorze. Look at the pre-eminently infamous reign of Louis XV! Why, not only was morality of no advantage to the candidate for court favor and patronage, but, in point of fact, it was a positive disadvantage! The aspirant for place and power throve all the better for openly trampling under foot all religion and all moral principle. His chance of success was enhanced in proportion to the greatness of his profligacy. The court was thoroughly and perfectly corrupt. They laughed at religion, and set at nought its precepts. They gave the same evil tone to society. The Church, being burdened with the smothering alliance of a corrupt state, was unable to check the torrent of licentiousness and infidelity."

O'Connell then said that religion had made considerable progress in Ireland.

"I remember," said he, "that twenty-five or thirty years ago, you did not see more than, perhaps, twenty male communicants twice a year. How changed are these things now! Every Sunday you will see many more than you then saw at Easter or Christmas; and this is, at all events, an evidence that the persons who communicate, *intend*, at least, that they will not live in sin."

Speaking of the Tory organs who threatened Ireland with their implacable hostility, O'Connell said:

"What greater insanity can there be than to enlist against themselves the hatred of Ireland—the right arm of the empire—the nursery for sailors and soldiers! And, moreover, there is scarcely a large town in Great Britain where there is not a very considerable Irish population. In London, we muster near 300,000. With the Irish alone, at Covent Garden, we defeated a party of Chartists who came to obstruct us at a public meeting against the Corn Laws. In Liverpool there are 70,000 Irish. In Manchester and Salford there are 50,000. In Leeds there are many thousands. In Edinburgh there are 15,000 Irish. In Glasgow, the Irish population amount to over 70,000. A good many years ago, when a Papist scarcely dared show his nose in Glasgow, the Catholics, few and timid, used to steal, one by one, into a private room where Mass was celebrated. A Presbyterian mob discovered this, and assembled to demolish the room, and outrage the worshippers. But it fortunately happened that an Irish regiment were quartered in Glasgow at the time, and they came to the rescue of the Catholics, and routed the mob. After that the Glasgow Catholics gradually acquired confidence. Their numbers increased, and they now have one of the most beautiful places of worship in the empire."

The Abbe attended, with a young French gentleman who travelled under his care, at the meeting of the Repeal Association which took place on the following day. The proceedings appeared to excite in both the most intense interest. The Abbe understood English sufficiently well to follow the speakers throughout. His companion had pot this advantage, but said that he felt himself extremely fortunate at having an opportunity of witnessing the mastery O'Connell was able to exercise over a popular assembly of his countrymen. The language of the ultra Tories had recently attained an unparalleled pitch of insolent malignity. One journal proposed to exile all the priests, and if they should return to Ireland, hang them.* Another organ of that party said, "Steam has given us Ireland inextricably clutched within our gripe."† It was in allusion to some such vaunt as this that O'Connell said at a meeting held about this period—

"They threaten us with troops by steam. They say that a few hours will land an army here. Steam is a powerful foe—but steam is an equally powerful friend. Whisper in your ear, John Bull—Steam has brought America within ten days' sail of Ireland."

When O'Connell pronounced this sentence, the whole meeeting simultaneously arose, and continued cheering and waving their hats for several minutes. The allusion derived great force from the recent communications and subscriptions we had received from our friends in America. We had got £600, and a promise of £30,000, if it should be needed. We had also been offered men; an offer which I, on the part of the Repeal Association, rejected.

The noble sympathy evinced by the Americans for the oppressed Irish nation struggling for their birthright deserved and received our earnest gratitude. The letters which we frequently received from the transatlantic friends of Ireland breathed the warmest attachment to the cause of Irish liberty. One day an acquaintance of O'Connell's—the gentleman who first suggested to my mind the idea of publishing these memoranda—warned him against the alleged indiscretion of his language. "It has been said to me," he observed, "that your long absence from the bar appears to have diminished the watchful caution with which you formerly guarded your language."

"How have I been incautious?" said Mr. O'Connell.

"Why," said I, "the strongest language you recently used was your remark about America and the steamboats."

Oh," he replied, "there was nothing incautious in that. What I said was entirely hypothetical. I said that, *if* England should put us under the necessity, we did not forget that steam had abridged our distance from America. *If* England should go to war with Ireland there is nothing incautious in saying that we will not lie down to have our throats cut. But I guarded expressly against all misconception; for I took care to say that so long as England left us an inch of law to stand on, so long would we resort to no other weapon than the law."

On this day, when speaking, as he frequently did, of his early recollections, he mentioned that he perfectly remembered when Paul Jones was hovering off the coast of Kerry in 1778. "I was," said he, "a child in my nurse's arms at the time; she carried me down to the shore, and I saw two boats' crews, whom Paul Jones had sent off with towing ropes to get his vessel out of shallow water. These men had been prisoners of war at Brest. They had been given their option of either staying in prison or sailing with Jones. They had chosen the latter alternative, fully resolving to escape as soon as possible. Their opportunity now offered. They cut the towing ropes and rowed ashore. When they landed they went up to a public house to drink, leaving some firearms in the boats. The guns were found by some peasants, who drenched them; and the sailors were seized by the orders of Mr. Hassett, and conveyed to Tralee to prison. They remonstrated loudly against this treatment, alleging that they had not committed or intended any breach of the laws, and that the authorities had no right to deprive them of their liberty. I well recollect a tall fellow, who was mounted on a grey horse, remonstrating angrily at this coercion. No legal charge, of course, could be sustained against them, and accordingly in the end they were released."

Next day O'Connell was visited by the Right Rev. Dr. Polding, the Catholic Bishop of New South Wales. Dr. Polding's object in visiting O'Connell was to obtain his assistance in procuring the removal of some grievances which sorely afflicted the flock over whom he presided.

His lordship had been greatly struck with the marked change which the blessed spread of temperance had produced in the aspect of the Irish people. "I have," said he, "travelled, since my arrival, about six hundred miles in Ireland, and I only saw one drunken man."

"And I hope," said O'Connell, "that *he* was what they call a gentleman."

"Yes, he was at all events better dressed than the peasantry. He was very tipsy, *and was drinking the health of Father Mathew.*"

The bishop then entered on the business that had occasioned his visit, and when it was disposed of, the conversation turned on the subject of religious persecution generally.

"Nothing," said he, "can be more opposed to the spirit of our Saviour than to persecute for errors in religious belief."

"Nothing can be more exquisitely absurd," said O'Connell. "Persecution may make a hypocrite; but it will not make a convert. If a man is already disposed to reject my creed, why I only give him an additional reason for rejecting it if I persecute him."

The bishop observed that when the local authorities in New South Wales had assisted the Methodist missionaries to coerce the natives to attend their reed-roofed chapels, the coercion succeeded in securing numerous congregations, but so small was its efficacy in converting them to Methodism, that as soon as it was relaxed—the chapels were empty!

"So it will always be," said O'Connell. "Ah! in Ireland, the Catholics have ever appreciated and acted on this great truth. Our hatred to persecution is as strong as our love of Catholicity. We had in this respect vastly the advantage of *you* English Catholics. When Queen Mary's persecution forced English Protestants to fly from England, they came here, and found refuge with the Catholic Corporation of Dublin. But some of you have erroneous notions on that subject still. Look at George Spencer's letter in the last *Tablet.*‡ Why, it is written in the spirit of Queen Mary! That poor gentleman had always a strange penchant for persecution. He visited me in London one day, and the object of his visit was to praise persecution! 'Now,' said he, 'there are a great many Methodists attending their preachers near my residence; if those people could be compelled to come and listen to *me*, would it not be of the greatest advantage to them? They would *hear* the truth.' 'And they would not *receive* it,' said I, 'just because it would come in the guise of compulsion.' Then, I called his attention to the fact that in Ireland where Catholicity did *not* persecute, it was prevalent: whereas, in England, where a Catholic queen had been a violent persecutor, the Catholic religion had been all but extinguished. I think this fact seemed to strike him at the time. But pray, my lord," continued O'Connell, abruptly turning to another subject, "have you seen how our poor Irish boys turned out for Catholicity in the poor-houses of the North Dublin Union, and refused to attend the Protestant service? Eighteen poor Irish children standing up for the old faith—may God Almighty bless them! It was Irish all over. And then the mode in which it was attempted to compel them to turn Protestants—their food was diminished. Really that was a rare idea! Compelling them to *fast*, to make good Protestants of them!"

"I have heard," said the bishop, "that an Englishman's wit is said to be in his stomach. I suppose the guardians thought these little fellows' faith was in *theirs*, and accordingly attempted to starve Popery out!"

* July, 1841.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND'S MISSION IN INDIA.—One of the native Indian newspapers gives the following truthful and just definition of England's mission in that country. It says: "Yes, it is the mission to rob, the mission to plunder, the mission to kill. Ay, it is the mission to degrade a hundred and sixty millions of the degraded children of 'our Father.' It is the mission to hurl down to a lower deep an already grovelling herd of people. It is the mission to annihilate the last lingering hopes of a nation, 'once the first among nations, pre-eminent in arts, pre-eminent in military glory,' &c. It is the mission to subject to worse than Mogul tyranny a fine race of beings, for generations bowed down to the ground under the cruel despotism of Akbar's descendants. It is the mission to fully extinguish the fire of a people whose flame has already been quenched by ages of fearful oppression. It is the mission to make us feel tyranny, who, it might have been supposed, had lost all sensibility to it, after three hundred years of misgovernment."

A new work by Carleton is announced. It is entitled *The Black Baronet; or, Chronicles of Ballytrain.* James Duffy, of Wellington Quay, Dublin, is the publisher.

THE "VILLAGE DESPOT" DEPICTED.

There are few of our readers who have not, at one time or the other, come in contact with a member of this tribe. They will, therefore, be more readily enabled to comprehend the truthfulness of the following sketch. The Irish "Village Despot" was unique in his way. A staunch upholder of British supremacy, great was his confidence in "The Castle," and loud his denunciations of the "Rebelly" state of the country, and the great necessity of "Insurrection Acts."

There is scarcely a provincial town in Ireland which is not afflicted with a specimen of that most despicable, yet mischievous class, "the village despot." From Bailieborough to Berehaven, every hamlet has its Vizier living by the breath and trembling at the nod of some great Sultan of the big house. Servile to "the master," insolent to all else, he bastinadoes the wretched rustics to sustain his second-hand dignity. The Vizier is generally a magistrate, by virtue of which position he dispenses injustice on and off the bench to a terrified tenantry. He despises law, save in so far as it strengthens his own hands; when it stands in his way he shows his supreme contempt for, and superiority to it, by setting it at nought. He hates the Press; the fact of a reporter being seen in the locality is enough to bring on tetanus; any tenant known to read a "violent" newspaper, may look sharp on gale day. But it is in the Board Room the Vizier is in his glory—for, of course, he is a guardian—of his own and "the master's" purse. His bailiffs and his drivers sit all round the table, conscientious representatives of the electoral divisions, subject to the bastinado of the Vizier. They elect him "Vice-Chairman;" the Master at the big house—rarely or never seen within the workhouse walls—is always "Chairman." The Vizier supplies the union with milk and various other necessaries; the contract being in the dairyman's name. The price fixed is a good one; the "new milk" furnishes many churnings ere, duly watered, it enters the workhouse gates. Should the Matron or Storekeeper hint the application of a lactometer, "economy" soon demands a reduction of the staff, and the dismissal of the officious officials. The poor rate collector and the relieving officer have no chance of holding their situations unless by co-operating with the Vizier. The rate collector is to take care whom he distrains; if he sees Vizier's cattle grazing on "unoccupied" farms, he must look at the other side of the road. The revisor in the good old times was Vizier's son-in-law or poor relative, who knew well whom to rate and how to rate them. But now the valuator comes from Griffith's; he must be asked to dine, to shoot, to angle; over a glass of punch things are made snug as regards Pat Rooney's farm, or Tim Reilly's house, and all is smooth if John Ball Greene's sharp eye does not detect the job, and send the valuator about his business.

Such is a general rough sketch of a personage to be met with in nearly every village in Ireland. Of course it will vary slightly with the various localities. The Buckeen of Mayo differs from the Shoneen of Tipperary, and he again from the Orange Squireen of Cavan.—*Nation.*

EXECUTION OF A FEMALE IN DENMARK.—Capital punishments are extremely rare in Denmark, and when, consequently, one takes place, it occasions an immense sensation. The announcement that a woman, under sentence of death in prison in the province or Jutland, where there has been no execution for three hundred years, not only plunged the whole neighboring country into commotion, but attracted crowds from a great distance. The condemned was a young woman named Gertrude, daughter of John, a peasant (in Denmark peasants have no family names), and her crime was murdering her husband (who was a soldier), by discharging a loaded pistol at him. When the moment came to set out for the scaffold, she refused to be conveyed in a cart, but, taking the executioner by the arm, walked firmly there. Having run up the steps, she stood near the fatal block, listening with great calmness to the reading of the text of her condemnation—a very prolix document. She took off her cap and shawl, threw them at her feet, and bandaged her eyes with her neckerchief; she then knelt down, and placed her head on the block; a moment after the axe fell!

ENCUMBERED ESTATES COURT.—A summary of the proceedings of this Court, from the filing of the first petition, on the 25th Oct., 1849, to the 31st August, 1857, states the total number of conveyances executed by the Commissioners to have been 7,283. Three modes of sale were adopted—namely, by public auction in the Court, by provincial auction, and by private contract, and in these ways 10,327 lots were sold. The gross proceeds of these sales was £20,475,956 8s. 4d. The Irish purchasers number 7,180; the English, Scotch, and foreign, only 309, and the amount of money paid by the latter was £2,836,295; showing that upwards of seventeen and a half millions had been paid by its own countrymen. The occupiers of the soil of Ireland have thus become its owners.

CONVERSION TO CATHOLICITY.—The *Weekly Register* announces the following additional conversion to Catholicity: The Rev. Charles Aitken Roberts, curate of St. John's, Nottinghill, by the Very Rev. Provost Manning, D.D., at his church at Bayswater, London.

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* *Cheltenham Journal*, 2d of August, 1841. † The *Age*,

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Carlow.

Never has Carlow witnessed such intense anxiety, and holy zeal, as her people have exhibited during the past month, in order to avail themselves of the mission just now terminated. Our venerated bishop, with his truly anxious pastoral and paternal solicitude, had induced to come among us six members of the priesthood of the Order of Holy St. Vincent de Paul, namely, the Rev. Fathers Dixon, Kelly, Kavanagh, Heyfron, Burke, and Chadwick. The mission opened on the first Sunday in October with grand pontifical High Mass and Benediction, when the Rev. Father Dixon ascended the pulpit, and during the delivery of his most apostolic sermon the immense congregation listened to and hung on his words, and gave an earnest, as he himself expressed it, of their appreciation of the joyous and salutary tidings which he enunciated. Since then all of the reverend missionaries, together with the parochial clergy, the reverend gentlemen of the college, and all the adjoining parishes—even his lordship the bishop himself—have been, almost without ceasing, in the sacred tribunal, around which flocked thousands of penitents. The physical labors and endurance of the priests were almost incredible. Their usual hour in the morning for entering the confessionals was six o'clock, and frequently they were not released from their labors up to midnight. I must not pass the concluding sermon of Rev. Mr. Dixon—it was from 23d chapter Numbers It, indeed, was a most powerful and brilliant discourse. The immense cathedral was crowded—fully six thousand persons being present at its delivery. When leaving a vast concourse of people were assembled to witness their departure, to receive their blessings, and wish them God-speed.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Freeman.*

The neighborhood of the church of Bilboe, about seven miles from Carlow, was the scene of much excitement recently, occasioned by the rumor that a man of the name of Turnsted, his wife and child, were poisoned. A messenger was despatched at once for Dr. Anderson, of Tiscoffin, the nearest medical man, who at once proceeded to the parties in question, and, on his arrival, found Mrs. Turnsted in a state of collapse, her husband laboring under violent action of stomach and bowels, attended with violent pains, and the child asleep, apparently after having suffered in a similar way. Dr. Anderson at once proceeded to administer the necessary antidotes and restoratives, but had little hope of being able to save Mrs. Turnsted's life. The husband is still in a precarious state, but the child appears to be convalescent. There are strong suspicions that the poison had been administered by another party.

Cork.

The Chair of Natural History in the Cork College is now open, and despite the professions so ostentatiously made that the object of these colleges was to create and further a high literary taste in Ireland, "Irish and racy of the soil," the most energetic efforts are being made to secure the appointment for an English pet of the authorities. This system of making every place a pension shelf for an Englishman must be effaced, and a genuine selection of the best qualified set up in its stead. Can it be that there is not in all Ireland a man fit to fill the office of professor of natural history to a provincial college? If there be not, more shame on the provincial colleges, and the sooner they are closed the better. Surely they must have been signal failures if the vast sums squandered in them have failed to train up even one man fit for such a chair, and if the heads of the system of which they form a part have to cross the water to seek for that amount of knowledge which they failed to impart. We, however, do not believe that there cannot be got in Ireland men abundantly qualified if the rule of selection rendered such officers open to *merit*. The rule should be "*the best man.*"—*Dublin Freeman.*

In obedience to the orders of the Lord Lieutenant, a meeting of the magistrates of the county of Cork was held in the County Grand Jury-room, to take into consideration the distribution of the police force in the county, in conformity with the act of last sessions. The following resolution was adopted: "Resolved—That the present supernumerary force in the East Riding of this county be discontinued, and that the whole of the present stations in the East Riding be continued, making the necessary reductions in the number of men at each station."

There was delivered in the rooms of the Young Men's Society by Dr. Dunne, one of the Professers of the Catholic University, the first part of the Lecture on "the Growth and Development of Monachism in the West." The subject was one of great novelty and intense interest, and brought together one of the most crowded, respectable, and attentive audiences that has been assembled since the formation of this society. John George M'Carthy, Esq., president of the society, presided.—*Reporter.*

Dublin.

With horror—we cannot say with astonishment—we perceive that the teachings of the Hellhound Press are already bringing forth their crop of crime at home as well as abroad—in Ireland as well as in England and India. Even in this country the English doctrine of revenge finds its disciple, and strikes down its victim in the broad noonday! The devilish incentives of the English furies have seized like a virulent contagion upon the community; maddening appeals to the passions; scoffing at all the restraints of religion, mercy, or humanity; lashing into frenzy all that is most savage in man's animal nature—is already producing a terrible but natural and inevitable result. May God in His mercy arrest this new and most terrible of all the curses of our connection with England—the damning contagion of her Pagan practices. A few days ago, a land agent named Ellis—a bad man, it is said—harsh, cruel, and detested by the people—was brutally murdered in the most public and deliberate manner, in the open day. The district in which this murder took place was the abode of peace and security; it was in a county where "the assizes" had lately become a matter of form, and "white gloves" for the judges an annual treat. It was, however, the abode of a strong and stalwart race; hot, passionate, and impetuous; quick to resent injustice and wrong. Once before, they had given way to the voice of passion instead of the voice of religion, and wrong and persecution was resented by fearful retaliation. But ultimately a zealous clergy won them back to the paths of duty, and they hearkened no longer to the urgings of the devil but to the teachings of the Church—"Forgive your enemies"—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay."—*Nation.*

A fire, attended with very destructive results, broke out at Ballymona, near the chapel of Pitt, whereby a range of newly-erected offices, measuring upwards of seventy feet in length, the property of Widow Hely, was totally consumed, together with a large rick of upwards of forty tons of prime hay, and an extensive rick of corn. But for the fact of a great number of people being collected in the neighborhood, owing to a "Station" being held in the chapel, a great amount of property would have been destroyed, there being no fewer than seven other large ricks of corn in close proximity to those on fire.—*Ibid.*

The *Gazette* contains an announcement of the Lords Justices offering a reward of £100 for such information as will lead to the arrest, within six months, of the person or persons who murdered Mr. Ellis in the county Tipperary.

Kerry.

The late lamented Bishop of Kerry left six convents completed and tenanted by their devoted inmates, at his death. In Killarney and Tralee two were existing. In Miltown, Listowel, Castleisland, and Caherciveen, four more were created. A seventh is about being constructed in Kenmare. The site for the purpose has been granted by the Marquis of Lansdowne, by whom four acres of land are allocated for the purpose. The position is on the border of the river above the Suspension Bridge. The fund for the building is due to the munificence of a private gentleman, Mr. Hartnett, of Liverpool, brother to Edward Hartnett, Esq., of Castleisland, and to the amiable, indefatigable, and pious Superioress of the convent of that town. For the convent of Kenmare Mr. Hartnett has given the sum of £3,000, one half for the cost of the building, the other half for the maintenance of the convent at Castleisland, and £1,500 for a similar purpose in Liverpool.—*Munster News.*

A young woman in the prime and vigor of life, named Hanora Kennedy, came by her death under the following most curious circumstances, viz.: It appears that a farmer named Patrick Deen, of Beenbane, in the vicinity of Dingle, and a tenant of Lord Ventry's, was remaking a cock of hay in his haggard, and that his servant-maid, abovenamed, was on the cock, as is customary on such occasions. When it was finished Deen placed a ladder up to the cock, which was only about eight feet high, and when the girl was coming down, she put her foot on the first spoke, the ladder slided, her head was the first to come to the ground, and, melancholy to relate, her neck was fractured, which caused instantaneous death.—*Cork Examiner.*

We regret to announnce the death, in his 72d year, on the 30th ult., of the Rev. Eugene M'Carthy, P.P., of Ballyheigue. The death of the reverend gentleman, who was powerful, active, and of a most healthy temperament, was extremely sudden. He had gone to bed in the possession of his usual health: in the morning he was found a lifeless corpse.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

The President of Saint Mary's Seminary, Tralee, the Rev. John Naughten, has been appointed Parish Priest of Duagh, in the room of the late Rev. Timothy Hartnett, by his Lordship the Bishop of Kerry.

We are happy to learn (says the *Tralee Chronicle*) that our highly gifted friend John Francis Maguire, Esq., M.P., may be expected to deliver a lecture in the Hall of the Tralee Young Men's Society, at an early date, and that an effort will be made in the coming year to have a lecture at least once a month. This is as it should be.

Kilkenny.

The *Kilkenny Journal* announces that Monsignor François Maria Charbonnelle, Bishop of Toronto, Upper Canada, passed through that city, and remained during his stay at the Capuchin Convent, Walkin street, of which order he is a distinguished member. He celebrated Mass in the convent chapel, and subsequently addressed the congregation, and earnestly entreated the people, if they could by any possibility remain in Ireland, not to think of emigrating, as it was almost incredible the misery and wretchedness he constantly witnessed among the unfortunate Irish emigrants.

A fine young man from the neighborhood of Callan, who has been a long time suffering under a most serious disease, consisting of an immense prominent bony tumor of the upper jaw, distending one-half the face to an enormous size, submitted to an operation for its removal, at this hospital. The operation—which was of a most difficult and formidable nature, and which required the complete removal of the left half of the upper jaw-bone—was most dexterously performed by Dr. Johnson, in the presence of Drs. Kinchella, Cane, Duigan, and Chaplin, who were in professional attendance.—*Journal.*

At Castlecomer petty sessions, Mr. George Bradwell, poor law auditor, sued the guardians for an amount of salary paid by them to the Catholic chaplain against the commissioner's sanction, but the case was arranged by the guardians undertaking to pay back to the union £5 17s. 6d., being the difference overpaid.

As a poor man named Michael Cuddiby was returning home from the fair of Graigue, and when within sight of his own house, near Ballycabus, he was knocked down by a neighbor's runaway horse, with a cart attached, the latter of which passed over poor Cuddiby, inflicting such injuries as to cause death, after a short interval of extreme suffering.

A meeting of Father Rowan's friends and admirers was held in the Tholsel, for the purpose of expressing their esteem and regard for the Rev. gentleman, and also to present him with a testimonial, as a substantial mark of their feelings towards him on his removal from the curacy of St. Mary's parish, in this city, to Urlingford.

We are glad to see that the fearless and honorable conduct of the *Kilkenny Journal* with regard to the Indian struggle is properly appreciated by the public. The circulation of the *Journal* has increased at the rate of 200 a week during the last two months, and is still increasing.—*Nation.*

The Kilkenny papers announce the sudden demise of Lord Charles Wandesforde Butler, which took place at the residence of his mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Ormond, Marley, Rathfarnham.

Limerick.

Evictions on a large scale are contemplated at Caherconlish. Nothing less (says the *Munster News*) than the surrender will satisfy the gentleman who has the absolute power the land code confers, and, wielding it, will not listen to the terms the occupiers earnestly offer him. We can conceive the despair which those men, fathers of families, approach the arbiter of their fate, and the deepening affliction in which they retire, their fate sealed by the fiat, and their faces turned to the heavens in grief. And yet, this gentleman must know he is a Christian, that he will have to appear before the eternal judge to whom the land code of Ireland will not justify severity, nor extenuate the consequence that may ensue to many from total eviction. Think on the consequences of many exposed to the chill rain or the freezing cold by which body and limb are drenched or benumbed. Think of the heart's grief in which the descendants of many generations of industrious men turn from the dark hearths which no longer afford them warmth and light.

Our illustrious fellow-countryman, W. S. O'Brien, Esq., paid a visit to St. Munchin's Seminary, where he was received by the Rev. Directors, and conducted through the different classes. The greatest enthusiasm was manifested in his regard by the pupils, by whom he was received in a way truly patriotic. The visit of the learned gentleman occupied more than an hour, during which he examined classes in French, Science, Geography, Arithmetic, &c. He expressed himself highly pleased at the result of each examination—and complimented the pupils on the acquisition of so much knowledge. On leaving the Seminary he was loudly cheered by the pupils, who appeared honored and delighted with his visit.—*Munster News.*

The late collection, in aid of the Christian Brothers' Schools, amounted to the very creditable sum of £250. The sermon of the Rev. Mr. Barry, of All Hallows College, on behalf of the charity, was delivered after last Mass, at St. Michan's Church, and was attended by a most crowded congregation. The venerable Bishop was present on the altar and many of the Clergy were in the sanctuary. Mr. Monsell, M.P., was also present.

The reception of two choir nuns and a lay sister at the Convent of Mercy took place recently. The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, presided, a large number of the Clergy were present as well as several of the friends and relatives of the young ladies. The *Religieuses* were Miss Mulcahy, daughter of our respected fellow citizen, Alderman Mulcahy, and Miss Winter, daughter of Dr. Winter, of Loughrea, and lay a sister.

Thomas Donovan, from St. John's, was brought to the hospital, having been stabbed in the neck with a bayonet by one of the men of the 3d Buffs. The wound entered deeply into the left side of the neck, close upon the carotid artery and jugular vein. This man had a most miraculous escape, the great blood vessels of the neck being exposed in the wound.

William Smith O'Brien, Esq., has, at the unanimous call of the Congregated Trades of Limerick, consented to deliver the opening address of the session in the Mechanics' Institute during the ensuing month.

The Earl of Clare has appointed H. O'Shea, Esq., solicitor, of Limerick, to the clerkship of the peace for that county, vacant by the death of the late William M. Fitzgerald, Esq.

Meath.

As Mr. Richard Connell, of Robinstown, with his mother and sister, were returning from Kilskeir chapel, after attending early service, on an outside car, they were met by a party of five men. Two of the party stopped the horse, while the other three attacked Connell with sticks and loaded-handled whips. The first blow must have stunned him, as he never left the car; but while sitting, or after he had fallen back, he received several blows in quick succession, immediately in the front of the head. After giving the unfortunate victim, who is a highly respectable farmer, what they thought sufficient, the party decamped across the fields as they came. On reaching home, Mr. Duignam, of Mullingar, with Mr. Grey, of Kells, were quickly in attendanee, and, upon examination, discovered that the portion of bone over one of the eyes was completely shattered, and driven in. Altogether he had received upwards of a dozen dangerous wounds.

Queen's County.

Mr. Thomas Carbury, a publican, of Mountmellick, was killed recently, in consequence of a beam on which a dead cow had been hung up falling on him.

Tipperary.

Nine persons (six males and three females) have been arrested for the murder of Mr. Ellis. Among them is the man who drove him from Templemore on the night he was assassinated. An additional force of twelve policemen has been placed at Loughman, the neighborhood of the late murder of Mr. Ellis.

Tyrone.

As a respectable farmer, named Andrew Layard, of Lisnacreight, was returning home from the Cross Roads meeting-house, he fell on the road, and instantly expired. A few minutes before he appeared to be in excellent health.—*Constitution.*

A man named Denis Boyle, of Beltony, near Newtownstewart, died from the effects of a beating he received on the previous evening at a matchmaking in the neighborhood, a dispute having arisen about money matters.—*Ibid.*

Wexford.

A distressing accident, resulting in the death of two seamen, occurred in the south bay of Roslare. The cutter Vulcan, of this port, sailed hence for Meath, when a block getting foul, while the vessel was making a tack, a seaman named John Hayes went aloft to clear it. He unfortunately lost his balance in the exertion and fell overboard. The boat was launched without delay, and another man jumped in, but, melancholy to say, he also fell over, and both were drowned.

The Franciscan Church, the works of which edifice are advancing to completion, will be, when finished, an ornament to the town.

REV. DR. CAHILL

ON

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS FOR THE ARMY IN INDIA.

The policy about to be adopted in India, in reference to the army, has already received the universal approval of public opinion in this country. The Sepoy regiments will be diminished by two-thirds; and the money thus saved by their reduction will be expended in maintaining an additional European force. This arrangement will inspire the natives with the conviction of the superior power of the British in the Peninsula

and will thus permanently crush any secret organization, or overt combination of future mutiny. It is therefore contemplated to raise at least forty thousand men to replace one hundred thousand Sepoys so removed; and as a further security for British dominion, and commercial prosperity, it is intended to substitute the direct government of the English cabinet (as in Canada), for the indirect, tortuous, incapable rule of the imbecile East India Company. The melancholy events of the last six months, on the banks of the Jumna, might have been averted, if a carelessness, a blundering which has no parallel in military absurdity, had not been persevered in, in the teeth of remonstrances from every part of the empire; and when to the scenes at Cawnpore; to the deaths from cholera; to the disasters from sun-stroke, and over-marching; to the obstinate insensibility and bigotry of Lord Canning, we add our other official mistakes at the Crimea, it must be admitted that Great Britain has killed more of her own men by her palpable blundering, than have been carried off by the steel or cannon of the enemy.

In order to remedy these gross deficiencies in our civil and military departments, new laws have been framed, and an improved routine has been adopted. Long gunboats have been built, competitive examinations have been suggested, superior merit has been encouraged. Young officers have now a hope of command, and old worn out senility can no longer hold the reins of warfare with one foot in the stirrup and the other in the grave. With the bravest army in the world, England has been sadly deficient in the number of first-rate competent commanders, and while the marshals, the generals, and the field-officers are counted by hundreds, England according to the due proportion of her military population has been confined in reference to her commanders to some few old men of even doubtful strategical talent. This whole system has brought disgrace on her otherwise unrivalled military renown; and it has tarnished her reputation in civil administration. Universal revision and alteration are now sanctioned by not only the voice of the nation, but by the highest official names in the realm; and hence while all must deplore the past losses of life and national character, which resulted from a stupid adherence to an old exploded routine, all must now rejoice that an advanced plan of civilization will cover our past mistakes, and place us on a level with the more improved administrative genius and practice of the surrounding countries.

Whilst, therefore, new military stocks are made for the necks of the soldiers; new shakos for their heads adopted; new patterns of uniform executed; new gunboats built; new field manœuvres performed; new examinations planned; new schemes of commissariat carried out; and a new universal improved officiality practised, it will be naturally asked if there be contemplated in high quarters any new improved arrangement for equal liberties of religion in the army. Is the Protestant, the Presbyterian, the Catholic soldier on an equality, as regards the profession of their faith, the maintenance of their religion, and the education of their children? They are all clothed in the same uniform, receive the same pay, stand in the same ranks, fight for the same monarch, and with the same courage spill their blood in the same cause. Surely, if they are equal in their military associations, they ought not to be made inferior in their religious character; if the Protestant and the Presbyterian have their government chaplains, why should not the Catholic have his Priest? and if the Queen pay a necessary stipend to the one, why not pay an equal sum to the other? Catholics can never be satisfied perfectly as long as the mark of inferiority is affixed to their faith, either by not allowing an appointed chaplain where other creeds are supplied; or by granting to their Priest a pension which is inadequate to his decent support, and which places him below the level of the lowest civil clerk in the Indian service. If the Government give a Catholic surgeon the same pay as his Protestant medical companion, where is the principle in withholding from the Catholic Minister of the Gospel the allowance granted to the Protestant Clergyman? And if the Government grant *any sum* for the Priest's support, where is the logic or the religious principle in not making it equal to the allowance of the Protestant Chaplain? If Government toleration grant in some few instances ten pounds a month to the Priest, while it gives the varied sums of £50, £60, £70, and, in some instances, £100 *per month* to the Protestant Minister; if *Government toleration* at all admit the principle, it must be the *Government bigotry* which makes the difference in the pay. An if the small pay of £10 be the measure of the toleration; and if the sum withheld—viz., £100, be the criterion of the bigotry, it will follow that the bigotry of the Horse Guards is ten times the amount of its toleration. I have already stated what I know to be true—namely, that Ireland is grateful for receiving any instalment of its national rights; but as long as England publishes a beggarly insult in her army on her brave Catholic soldiers, she tells trumpet-tongued her own religious animosity to all nations, and she inflicts a cruel injustice and an unmerited disgrace on the unflinching courage and the invincible breasts of her faithful Catholic subjects. England gains and saves some few pounds by this intolerant, unjust, mercenary conduct; but she loses at the same time a national name, and stamps her parchment laws with the brand of a national lie. If England demands the services, the military science of the Catholics of Ireland in India, she might as well call on them to pay for their uniform as to pay for their religious worship, while in her employment; if she takes them from home to a foreign *Pagan land*, without a provision for their creed, she robs them of their dearest inheritance, with a cruel injustice, not known in the other countries of Europe.

With what a pleasing contrast the Irish Catholic reads the laws of Catholic France, in reference to the point at issue. This law of France should be written on the entrance of the British Senate House and of the London Horse Guards. France, Catholic France, grants a Government pension of £120 a year to the Protestant Parish Rector of her country, while she gives only £40 a year to the Catholic Curate, and £80 a year to the Catholic Parish Priest!! Here is an example of toleration which puts England to shame; and which, like a lofty pillar, raises its proud head within twenty miles of Doyer, in sight of the English coast, as an imperishable, glorious monument of the wide Christian toleration of France, as contrasted with the religious fanaticism and the intolerant rancor of Great Britain.

Now that the armies in the East will be increased by an additional force of fifty thousand men, it is to be hoped that, as past blunders in our civil and military departments will be revised and improved, our religious position will not be forgotten. Common sense, justice, and religion all unite in urging on the Government the claims of Catholic Ireland in this respect; and they demand, as a matter of right, that if their bodies are clothed, fed, and protected by national laws, their souls will not be left to perish or taught and provided for by "alms collected by the Propagation of the Faith in France, or by moneys subscribed by the already impoverished people of Ireland." D. W. C.

THE KILKENNY CORPORATION.

At the usual meeting of the above body, held at the Tholsel, Kilkenny, on Monday, the 2d instant, the following proceedings regarding the Indian fund took place:

The Mayor—Gentlemen, I have been favored with the following letter on the subject of the Indian Relief Fund, from the Central Committee sitting in Dublin, and as I have received it in my official capacity as Mayor of your city, I have thought it my duty to lay it before you. Here is the document:

INDIA RELIEF FUND.

"Mansion House, Dublin,
16th Oct., 1857.

"SIR:—We address you by the desire of the General Committee, formed in this city, to raise a fund for the relief of sufferers in India, and to suggest the formation of a committee in your city for the same object. No one can originate such a movement with a better grace than the chief magistrate. We can encourage you to take this step, by the experience we have made of the lively sympathy expressed by all classes, and evinced by large, prompt, and cheerful contributions. The Dublin Fund already exceeds £6,000.

"We are sir, your obedient servants, John Kingston James, Bart; Edward MacDonnel, Knight; T. S. Rooke, Major; Alexander Parker, Giles Shaw, Hon. Secs.

"The Worshipful the Mayor of Kilkenny."

REPLY.

"GENTLEMEN—I received your circular bearing date the 16th inst., and shall lay it before the Corporation at their next monthly meeting. Your obedient servant,

"D. SMITHWICK."

Now, gentlemen, that I have read this letter and my reply, permit me to state my own views on the subject. In the first place I have to remark that I do not think it fair, that those who refuse to subscribe to this fund should be denounced, as it has been in some instances the case, as sympathising with the atrocities of the Indian war. You are aware, gentlemen, that when a fund was collected a few years ago, for the relief of those who suffered by the Crimean war, the distribution of that fund afforded anything but satisfaction to the Catholics of the empire, and from the instances of perversion which have been recently circulated by the press, the disposal of those funds was certainly anything but calculated to afford satisfaction to the Catholics of these countries. I make these remarks from statements that I have seen in the public press; and as I have no reason to doubt their truth, I would not feel justified in acting otherwise than in withholding my subscription from a fund which has the same object in view, and which may be similarly perverted. The Crimean fund, I have reason to believe, was not confined to the object for which it was intended; its basis was extended, and the evil genius of proselytism found a home within that sanctuary wherein charity should alone preside. I speak only for myself, and I have no wish to deter any gentleman present from acting as he pleases in the matter. I have stated my own views—views which I believe are based upon facts beyond dispute; and I certainly cannot conscientiously subscribe to a fund which may be diverted from the object for which it was intended, and be appropriated for the purpose of perversion. These are my views upon the subject, but I wish that the gentlemen present should act according to their own convictions, and not be prevented by any remarks of mine from taking any steps they please.

Mr. Murphy—Let those who wish to subscribe to this fund send their subscriptions straightway to Dublin.

The matter dropped without another word.

At the meeting in question there were present, besides the Mayor, Alderman Banin, (brother of the celebrated novelist,) Town Councillors Cullen, Moran, Potter, Brown, Power, Callanan, Murphy, Hewitson and Colles.

DEATH OF GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

[*From the Paris Correspondent of the Dublin Nation.*]

PARIS, Nov. 2, 1857.—An express train from Tours arrived in Paris, on Thursday evening, 29th October, the first carriage containing three travellers—a lady, a child, and a tall figure of a man wrapped up in a military cloak. Two or three friends, and the servants of the family, were in the second carriage. A coach was waiting at the terminus; the officer was carried to it, and placed alone in the interior—the despairing but courageous lady was his wife, the child his son, and he was once the celebrated Gen. Cavaignac, now a cold, stiff corpse. The vehicle drove along the Rue St. Antoine, passing by the Hotel de Ville, where hundreds of barricades had been conquered under the direction of the brave man, whose body was passing in silence over the scene of that terrible contest.

On Saturday morning, at the door of his house, 29 Rue de Londres, the coffin, containing the remains of the man who was for six months the dictator of the nation, was exposed in a small chapel. On one side the clergyman knelt at prayer; on the other lay, on a small table, his sword and epaulettes. His hat—the one he wore in June, 1848, was placed on the coffin. Thousands of people came, one after the other, to asperge with holy water the head of the coffin. Many a tear fell with the drops that were sprinkled there.

The interment took place at twelve, and except the members of his family, every one was on foot. I remarked the tall figure of Alexandre Dumas, O'Dillon Barrot, Marie, Cremieux, and hundreds of men of note and distinction. The church could not contain but a very small portion of the numerous assistants, and the streets were thronged for several hours.

Cavaignac was placed in the family vault in the cemetery Montmartre. He now reposes beside his talented brother, the friend of Armand Carrel, and beside his adored mother, whom he followed to the grave in 1848 bareheaded and deeply afflicted, at a time when his life was menaced.

He died suddenly, of a disease of the heart, from which he had been suffering, as may be seen by a letter to his friend, M. Senard, a few months before his death.

His grave was visited to-day (All Soul's Day) by numbers, and thousands of crowns of imortelles have been laid upon it.

The page of History in which his acts must be consigned is too important to be even commented on now. His career as a soldier is without a blemish; as a statesman he has been praised and blamed. His private life was one of honor, devotedness, and self-sacrifice.

[*From the Times (London) Correspondent.*]

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Most of these forming the funeral *cortege* were well dressed persons, apparently merchants and shopkeepers, who, no doubt, remembered with gratitude the services rendered by the deceased general in June, 1848. There were not many of those unmistakeable characters who usually swell the funerals of other political leaders, and it was remarked that there was at least six times as many of the Republican party present at the funeral of Godfrey Cavaignac, the general's brother, who died in Paris not long before the revolution of 1848. Every one expected to see an imperial carriage in the train, but I could perceive none. As the hearse passed slowly along every hat was raised, and the spectators often remained bareheaded until it was out of sight. When the coffin was deposited in the tomb and the prayers for the dead were recited, the troops fired over the grave of the departed soldier, and paid the other military honors on such occasions. There was no address spoken. The troops soon returned to their quarters, and in less than an hour the streets through which the *cortege* passed resumed their ordinary appearance.

INDIA.

Another mail must arrive ere Englishmen can tell the value of the capture of Delhi, or the cost of it. There is a remarkable silence on this subject in England, the brawlers fear to speak, for they know not whether they have more reason to sorrow or rejoice. To effect an entrance into the city was possible to the British from the first, a breach was easily made in the old surrounding wall, the only question was that of being able to hold the city after having got into it, the danger was that the assaulting troops might be cut to pieces in the streets and lanes. Satisfactory intelligence on these points the English have not yet received. They have been informed that their soldiers had effected an entrance on the 15th ult., with a loss of 640 of their number, an unauthenticated report stated that on the 20th they had gained possession of the whole city, but of the casualities up to this latter date there is yet no account. Perhaps they were not heavy, as a large portion, if not all, of the Indian troops retreated from the city in an orderly manner. It is very probable that after their departure the fillibusters made those streets and lanes ran like rivers with the blood of the unarmed inhabitants, but we may be sure that the Sepoy forces who left Delhi went "with a vengeance," and will turn up after a very decided fashion in some other quarter.—*Nation.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

November 1, at the Church of St. Andrew, Westland row, Dublin, John, son of Thomas Horan, Esq., M.D., to Jane, daughter of the late Peter Larkin, Esq., of Thomas street.

November 4, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Alexander Somers, to Francis Beahan, daughter of V. S. Crofton, Esq., Drogheda.

November 4, at the Catholic Church, Kingston, John R. Taaffe, Esq., J.P., of Ardmulcan House, county Meath, to Catalina Aliaga, daughter of P. W. Kelly, Esq.

October 28, at Monkstown, John Bernard, Esq., of Knight's Lodge, Charleville, county Cork, to Agnes Elizabeth, daughter of the late Doctor Speer, Kingstown.

October 27, at Skull, county Cork, Richard James Long, Esq., of Ballyhebod, to Mary Ellen, daughter of S. Browne, Esq., of Seafort.

October 27, at Newtownards, county Down, William, son of the late Hugh Ferguson, Esq., of Castleavery, to Eliza, daughter of the late George Ferguson, of Ballyalleock.

October 28, at county Carlow, David B. Jacob, Esq., M.D., of Parsonstown, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of William Fishbourne, Esq., of Fort Hill, co. Carlow.

October 29, in Cork, Henry Travers, Esq., of Ballymacown, to Gertrude Elizabeth, daughter of Henry R. Beamish, Esq., M.D., of Muckross, county Cork.

November 3, at Ballingarry, Alfred G. Richardson, Esq., of Rathbeg, in the King's County, to Mary, daughter of the late Robert J. Stoney, Esq., of Killavalla, county Tipperary.

October 29, in London, Robert Wheeler, Esq., of the Rocks, county Kilkenny, to Josephine, daughter of Doctor Helsham, London.

October 19, at Ardoyne, J. H. Nickson, Esq., of Munny House, county Wicklow, to Anne, daughter of the late Robert H. Jervis, Esq., of Castle Jervis, county Limerick.

October 20, at Ballyseedy, George Raymond, Esq., of the *Kerry Evening Post*, to Doreas, eldest surviving daughter of the late Jeffery Eager, Esq., of Tralee.

October 18, at the Catholic Cathedral, Cavan, by the Rev. John M'Enroe, Patrick Smith, Esq., innkeeper, of Cavan, to Ellen, daughter of Edward Mallon, of Cavan.

DEATHS.

October 27, in Dublin, Susanna, eldest surviving daughter of the late Nicholas Aylward, Esq., of Shankhill Castle, county Kilkenny.

October 28, in Great Brunswick street, of fever, Anne, wife of Matthew Callanan, Esq.

October 30, at 3 Nelson street, Miss Stokes.

November 1, in North Great George's street, aged 77 years, William Cosgrave, Esq.

At No. 7 Summer street, North, Mr. James Walker, late of Carrick, county Westmeath, aged 50 years.

October 20, at Kilcorney, county Cork, Roper Weston, Esq.

October 23, at Farm Hill, Magherafelt, Matilda Anne, wife of Charles Pollock, Esq.

October 24, at Roseboro', in the county Tipperary, Robert D. Frewen, Esq.

October 25, at Ballina, county Mayo, aged 86 years, Major J. Smith.

At St. John's, county Roscommon, Alexander Gunning, Esq.

October 26, at Lisquinlan, in the county Cork, suddenly, A. J. Irwin, Esq.

Oct. 14, at 17 Spitalfields, Dublin, in the 61st year of his age, Mr. Michael Lowe, for 28 years employed as Mason in the service of the Ballast Office. R. I. P.

October 28, at Liffey View, Leixlip, Theophilus Roe, Esq., late of Beckfield, in the Queen's County.

October 28, at Monkstown, Peter Geale, late of Ashfield Hall, in the Queen's County.

October 28, at Mill Park, Enniscorthy, Catherine, daughter of Thomas Plummer, Esq., late of Sweet Farm, in the county Wexford.

October 28, at Blackrock, Cork, aged 76 years, Elinor Winthrop, relict of Henry Shearcs Westropp, Esq., of Richmond Villa, county Limerick.

October 30, at Kilmaiso, Eliza, relict of Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq., of Grenville, county Waterford.

October, 29, in Waterford, Tobias Wilson, Esq., aged 77.

October 31, at Aghamarta Castle, county Cork, Ellen, relict of Darby O'Grady, Esq.

October 31, at New Ross, county Wexford, after a lengthened illness, Thomas Kent, Esq.

November 2, in Cork, aged 73 years, Sarah, relict of the Rev. Simon Davis, rector of Macroom.

November 3, at Belfast, Martha Caroline, daughter of Major Henry Kean.

October 19, in London, aged 82 years, William White, Esq., late of Cork.

In Glasgow, Harriet Miller and Mary Jeffrey, daughters of the late William Fitzgerald, Esq., of Westport, county Mayo

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

VOLTAIRE'S EPIGRAM ON FREDERICK THE GREAT.—When this celebrated epigram first appeared it was handed about Berlin, and shown to that great legislator himself, who deemed it a libel; and, instead of employing a counsel, filing an information, and taking other tedious methods, took a more summary way of punishing the author, who, he knew, must be Voltaire, at that time resident at Berlin. He sent his sergeant-at-arms, not with a mace and scrap of parchment, but with such an instrument as the English drummers use for the good of the foot soldiers who commit any offence against the law military. The Prussian hero went to the house of the poet, and said he came by his Majesty's special command, to reward him for an epigram on his royal master, by administering thirty lashes on his naked back. The poor philosopher knew that remonstrance was vain, and after submitting with the best grace he could, made a farewell *conge* to his unwelcome visitor, who did not offer to depart, but told him with the most Germanic gravity, "that the ceremony was not yet concluded, for that the monarch he had the honor of serving must be convinced that his mission was punctually fulfilled, on which account he must have a receipt." This was also submitted to, and given in the manner and form following: "Received from the right arm of Conrad Bachoffer, thirty lashes on my naked back, being in full of an epigram on Frederick, King of Prussia, by Voltaire. *Vive le Roi.*"

AN ARABIAN GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Hamilton, in his account of Sinai, &c., thus describes an Arabian gentleman whom he met in the Desert: "A very dark complexion, as far removed from the negro swarthiness as from the bright Caucasian hue, to which the red blood coursing under the thin transparent skin gave a wonderful vivacity, finely chiselled features, regular teeth of dazzling whiteness, jet black pointed beard and moustaches, large, lustrous swimming eyes, in which many a fair lady would love to see her image reflected—all gave to his head a rare distinction. His fresh youthful voice, slim form, the delicacy of his hands and feet, his quiet elastic step, like that of a racer, all bore witness to the purity of his descent. The picturesqueness of his costume matched the beauty of his person. Over a white caftan he wore a loose cherry-colored jubba, round his waist a cashmere shawl, in which was stuck, crossways, a large silver sheathed, curved poinard, called the jambian; over his shoulders a sabre was slung by silken cords. His head was covered by the yellow and red kofiah, which hung down behind, and was fastened by a wide white muslin turban.

A TIGER IN RATCLIFF-HIGHWAY.—The above neighborhood and its vicinity were lately thrown into a state of consternation by an accident of, fortunately, very rare occurrence. In the broad light of midday the passers-by might be seen in indiscriminate panic-stricken flight before a ferocious Bengal tiger, which had escaped from a cattle van on its passage from the docks to the menagerie of Mr. Jamrach, the importer. During some time the infuriated animal was at large, and scoured the streets unmolested; but at length one of Mr. Jamrach's men succeeded in stunning it by repeated blows of an iron crowbar, when it was speedily secured. This consummation was not however arrived at until a lad of about eleven years of age had fallen a victim to the beast's fury. This poor boy was pounced on by the animal at the corner of Bell's street, and in a moment was frightfully mangled, the back part of his neck and head being lacerated by the tiger's claws and teeth. The individual who endeavored to extricate the lad from the brute's jaws, unfortunately, in striking with a bar of iron at its head, inflicted a blow upon its already-mangled victim.

"LIFE" IN PARIS.—A young woman, who called herself Medea, and who lives in the Rue de Breda, brought the following charge before the Tribunal of Correctional Police against a M. Aristide: She said that at the latter end of last month a friend of hers, Count de N——, sent her a present of game from Burgundy, and that she invited some gentlemen to partake of it with her. One of these, a certain Oscar, brought *sans ceremonie* a friend of his, M. Aristide, and though she knew him not, she made him welcome. But just as they were about to sit down to dinner, M. Aristide, went away on pretext of going to a railway office to receive a sum of money, and to her surprise she found that he had carried off with him a gold watch ornamented with brilliants, worth about 800f. Aristide was asked what he had to say in answer to the complaint, but he hung down his head and was silent. The tribunal sentenced him to a year's imprisonment.

A BOA CONSTRICTOR.—Some lads were at play a few weeks ago in the forest of Versoix, on the frontiers of Switzerland, when of a sudden they came across a boa constrictor, ten feet long, which was rolled round an oak tree. They attacked the serpent with clubs and stones, and after some time succeeded in killing it. It was subsequently ascertained that the boa had escaped from a travelling menagerie while proceeding from Lausanne to Geneva.

A TREBLE CAUSE FOR REJOICING.—The wife of a wealthy merchant at Vercell (Piedmont) was recently delivered of three infants, all well constituted and perfectly strong. The father, delighted at the circumstance, has ordered three carriages with three horses each for the baptismal ceremony; three godfathers and three godmothers are to be present, together with three nurses.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—The *Dundee Advertiser* mentions an instance of the instinct, tenderness, and sagacity of a dog belonging to a mechanic at Monifieth. The cat in the house had a litter of kittens, two of which were thrown into a tub of water, and kept there until they appeared to be quite dead, after which they were buried by the children a foot under ground. Next morning, however it was discovered that the dog had one of these kittens in her kennel, resuscitated and lively, and that she was suckling and nursing it with great care. The kitten was taken into the house, and it was followed by the dog, who stood watching as if it had been the parent cat, and taking it by the neck carried it off again to her kennel. The other buried kitten was found where both had been laid.

HOUSEBREAKING AND FEMALE HEROISM.—A Scotch paper records a very remarkable instance of female bravery occurring near Wick. It appears that the farmhouse of Inkermann, occupied by Mr. Levack, fishcurer, was burglariously entered. Mr. Levack's daughter, who was sleeping in a bedcloset, was awakened, and observed on the window blind the shadow of a person. She jumped out of bed, seized hold of a man, and held him till her cries awakened her father and the servants, who instantly ran to the spot. The prisoner was found to be a stranger, and he had already commenced the work of burglary. The fellow had gained access to the house by the kitchen window. He was immediately taken to Wick, and was afterwards committed to jail.

FRENCH MORALS.—Drunkenness (in the towns in the South of France) is rarely seen, street brawling cannot exist, and all public immoralities so offensive to decency are rigidly suppressed. The absurd scandals retailed against private conduct in French society are grossly exaggerated; nothing can be more libellous and devoid of truth than the wholesale assertions of many writers, who have taken their tone from a dissipated capital, and applied their deductions to a whole nation. It is a conclusion highly creditable to the whole of the South at least, that, among the numerous visitors, there are few who do not reside in the country with pleasure and leave it with regret. —*Sketches in the South of France.*

HONESTY REWARDED!!—Mr. Bradford, of Monachan, recently lost, in the hall of Hogan's Hotel, Ballinasloe, a purse, which, upon being discovered by the waiter, Michael Flanagan, of Galway, was found to contain about £300 in bank notes. The waiter and proprietor having taken a car overtook Mr. Bradford near the station. Upon the money being restored by the waiter, Mr. Bradford handed him three shillings as a reward for his honesty, for which Mr. Hogan can certify.—*Galway Mercury.*

HOW TO LIVE.—There is no luxury that costs so much, and yet in Paris a man may dine for twopence. According to a contemporary, there is in the neighborhood of the Marche des Innocents a certain enterprising Madame Robert, who daily feeds some six thousand workmen in the open air, yet sheltered from the weather. Her daily bill of fare is cabbage soup, a slice of *bouilli* (beef), a piece of bread, and a glass of wine. The six thousand dine, pay twopence each, and are refreshed.

THE LOST RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR.—A letter from Cronstadt, of the 11th ult., states that the total number on board the Lefort line-of-battleship, which lately foundered in the Baltic, amounted to 2,000, including her crew of 800, and not 1,000 men, as was stated in the first report. One man alone has been saved: he was washed ashore on the island of Hochland.

LUCKY MAN.—The Arabs have a good proverb, on what is called the "lucky man." They say, "fling him in the Nile and he will come up with a fish in his mouth."

"FUDGE."—The Religious Tract Society have placed £5 worth of their publications at the service of every ship carrying troops to India.

All impartial observers in India agree that the populations of the native States are wealthier and better governed than those under the rule of the company. An excellent proof that the Indian people far prefer their own rulers is to be found in the conduct of the mutineer, who, when they had the power in their hands, immediately placed the rightful King on the throne of Delhi. The whole people of Oude have risen against the foreigner, and as their old King is a prisoner in the hands of the British, they have placed on the throne his little son, aged ten years. They have formed a regular cabinet around him and appointed officers to rule the country as of old. God preserve the little King of Oude—the hungry company will soon end his reign in blood if they can. But the people love him, and have sworn to stand by him to the last. His father had been friendly to the English—he had lent them enormous sums of money—and the manner in which they repaid and rewarded him, was to drive him from his throne and annex his kingdom. There is not a soldier in Bengal who does not know and feel this grievous wrong. It is related that when some of the British were being attacked by the Oude Sepoys, they piteously appealed to that fine native principle which teaches the Indian to love and honor those whose salt he has eaten; they cried out, "Will you not be faithful to the Company's salt?" "You Banchats!" replied the Sepoys as they stabbed, "have you been faithful to the King of Oude?"

A Catholic bishopric is about to be established at Tunis. This see, it is said, will be reserved by the Pope for a French prelate. An administrator *in partibus* has already been established in that regency.

General Cavaignac, who died of disease of the heart, recently, was born in Paris on the 15th of October, 1802; studied at the Polytechnic School; became a Captain of Engineers in 1828; was an adherent of the July revolution in 1830; was sent to Africa in 1832, to get him out of the way on account of his Republican opinions; became a Colonel in 1841, and a Brigadier-General in 1844, and was made a General of Division and Governor of Algeria by the revolution of 1848. He was soon offered the place of Minister of War by the Provisional Government, and declined it. He was chosen to the National Assembly, and finally became Minister of War on May 15, 1848. Soon after came the insurrection of June, and this he undertook to suppress. No one, we believe, has ever questioned the great military ability he displayed in that incomparable episode of civil war. Nor have his enemies ever been able to deprive him of the honor of having displayed all the magnanimity and all the kindness of heart possible in such a position. That struggle over, he had every opportunity of usurpation; but he chose rather to leave a blameless name in history. He calmly resigned power to the man whom the people had chosen, and returned to his seat as a simple member of the Legislature. Since the *coup d'etat* he has lived in retirement at Paris, until the election, when he was chosen to the Legislative Body in opposition to the government. He was a man of chivalric qualities and strong practical sense, somewhat arbitrary in disposition, but honest and upright. He was buried at Paris on the 31st Oct.

A very magnificent edition of the Arabian Nights is now getting up under the superintendence of the Shah of Persia. The Shah is a passionate amateur of Arabian calligraphy and water-color painting. The truly brilliant edition of the Arabian Nights, which he is now putting through the press at Teheran, will contain many tales and poems not included in former copies. A number of illustrative paintings, by the first artists of the country, added to the exquisite beauty of the printed characters, will make this work a unique book in its kind. The artists, under the personal direction of the Shah, have been at work on this edition for the last seven years. Some notion of the splendor of the book may be suggested by the fact that its preparation has already cost in that country, where living is so cheap and money so dear, more than $60,000.

Melbourne is now lighted by gas. We take the following from the *Argus* of the 11th of August: "The streets of this city were lighted with gas for the first time last night, and the event was convivially celebrated by the Mayor of Melbourne and his friends at the Criterion. Owing to the extreme width of the streets and the great interval which separates the standards from each other, the general effect was not so brilliant as had been generally anticipated; at the same time the light given is immeasurably superior to that of the oil lamps which have been superseded by this mode of illumination. The event, however, constitutes an epoch in our civic history."

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree effecting large and permanent reductions in the army, as far as regards the Infantry. Six battalions of a regiment of Grenadiers of the Guard have been reduced to three, eight battalions of infantry regiments to four. It has been decided for the future that the men of the 4th, or reserve battalion of each regiment, shall, in time of peace, be sent on furlough. The regiments which formerly comprised, when on peace footing, 4,000 men, and, with the recruits and reserve, 7,000, will for the future be only 2,100.

The Madrid journals inform us that the new Cabinet had resolved to display indulgence towards the press, and not to seize journals except for attacks on the subjects of religion and morality, or for exciting disturbances, or for insulting public functionaries; and it was even supposed that it intended to modify the law on the press in a liberal spirit. The newspapers were so delighted at this news that the offices of the *Iberia*, the *Occidente*, the *Estade*, the *Discussion*, and almost all the other political journals were illuminated.

The *Avenir*, of Nice, states that a tremendous hurricane of wind, accompanied by torrents of rain, burst over that town and neigborhood lately. Long rows of olive trees, some of them nearly 100 years old, were torn up by the roots, ricks of corn were thrown down scattered in all directions, the roofs of a number of houses torn off, and the windows blown in. The gardens were completely devastated, and in fact everything which lay in the line taken by the hurricane was more or less injured.

The anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic has this year been celebrated with a good deal of pomp in all parts of Germany. At Vienna the Archduke Ferdinand Charles and a great number of superior officers of the Austrian army attended a grand *fete*, which was given in the military asylum at Vienna. At Potsdam bonfires were lighted on all the heights; at Meiningen the anniversary was celebrated in the usual way; and at Nieheim, in Prussia, where for several years the anniversary was allowed to pass unnoticed, bonfires were lighted.

It would be affectation to pretend that on the Continent the embarrassments of this country have been seen with displeasure. Indeed, the French journals which venture to say a few words in our defence are obliged to apologize to their readers for running counter to the public feeling, and openly acknowledge that the total destruction of the British power has been anticipated with satisfaction as the result of the late events.—*Times.*

Le Nord informs us that "the English troops at Delhi are in a more difficult position than they held before the assault. They are in their turn besieged by the Sepoys, who have established themselves in a fortified position six miles from Delhi, after having cut off all communication between that place and the other great military posts. We remarked some time ago that the military movements of the Hindoos display a system of tactics which would do honor to the best European generals."—*Nation.*

M. Thiers is at present in Laon, visiting the field of the battle fought under the walls of that town on the 9th and 10th of March, 1814; he subsequently inspected the field of battle at Craonne. The next volume of the "Consulate and Empire" will describe the invasion of France and the first overthrow of Napoleon. The Hundred Days are, it is said, to be passed over very briefly.

Important works are to be commenced at Vincennes next season. A vast space of land, extending on the right of the Castledown to the military hospital, will be purchased; and this ground will be connected with the square by means of a bastion enclosure, and will contain a large park of artillery. Thus the Emperor is every day making Paris stronger against revolutionary risings.

A young man should walk in the open air six miles every day. A young woman three or four. When still we use 500 cubic inches of air in a minute. If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour, 800; two miles an hour, 1,000; three miles an hour, 1,600; four miles an hour, 2,300. If we run at six miles an hour, 3,000; trotting a horse, 1,700; cantering, 1,500.—*Dr. Radcliffe Hall.*

A letter from Rome states that two officers of the Swiss regiment in the service of the Pope, named Chapey and Bonalini, had been condemned for fighting a duel—the first to five years' imprisonment and 1,000 crowns fine, the second to four years' imprisonment and 800 crowns fine. Their seconds had been condemned each to two years' imprisonment and 400 crowns fine.

The Hellespont steamer, which left Marsailles for Civita Vecchia, had on board as passengers two *religieuses* of the Sacre Cœue. One is Sister Clemence Bonaparte, cousin germain of the Emperor, and Sister Davidoff, who belongs to one of the high families of Russia, and is a relative of the Duke de Grammont, the new French ambassador at Rome.

We learn with regret, but without surprise, that the municipal elections in Belgium have resulted in a triumph for the anti-Catholic party. Similar accounts have been received from Switzerland. The Piedmontese Parliament has been formally dissolved and the new election will take place immediately.—*Dublin Tablet.*

"Big Ben," the huge bell cast for the Clock Tower of the Palace of Westminster, is silenced for ever. In other words, this enormous bell has sustained "a crack" so irreparable that it must be broken up, melted, and recast. How the crack came about is one of those questions which may open up a wide door for debate.

M. Lamartine, whose fortune, the public has been made aware, was greatly impaired by a series of bad years, and his indulgence to poor tenants, has this year had a magnificent crop of wine upon his Macon estate. It is said that he has sold 3,000 casks at 80f. each, and has consequently realized a sum of 240,000f.

The cholera has begun to decline in the south of Sweden, but it is ascending northwards by the coast of the Gulf of Bothnia. Since its invasion of Sweden it has carried off more than 5,000 persons. In some districts of that country dysentery has caused the death of no less than one-tenth of the population.

An English lady gives, through the *Times*, an acount of the generosity and good faith of an Indian Mussulman, a sowar of the Hyderabad Contingent, to whom she and another English lady owed their safety on the night of the mutiny of the 1st Cavalry at Arungabad.

The French stage has lost its oldest representative in the person of M. Morel, who died unknown to fame a day or two ago, at Brest, aged eighty-five years. He had been seventy-two years on the stage, and had been fixed at Brest for the last twenty-five years.—*French paper.*

It is announced from Paris that the "Memoirs" of M. Guizot are to be published in January next. They will be read with eager interest, and it is believed that they will throw great light on the men and things of the period of 1830 and 1848.

Accounts from Bagdad announce that 264 camel loads of merchandize, forming part of the great caravan recently pillaged in the desert by the Arabs, have been recovered from the latter by the Turkish authorities.

Mr. Murray announces for publication, in two volumes, "Letters, Dispatches, and other Documents relating to India, by Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington," edited by the present Duke.

Several of the principal cotton factories and calico printers in and around Glasgow are at present working half time.

The Pope laid the foundation stone of the railway at Civitta Vecchia, and afterwards gave names to ten of the locomotive engines.

The number of pilgrims to Maria Zell has amounted during the year to 225,000, and of foreign Priests to 1,200.

The most curious thing in the world is a woman who is not curious.

A slight earthquake was recently felt at Trieste.

HOME MISCELLANY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE.—One of the most beautiful and costly buildings in America, and surpassing any other in the city of New York, in size and solidity of construction, is the Merchants' Exchange. It occupies a whole square of ground, and has a front of two hundred feet on Wall street, with an average depth of one hundred and sixty feet; is five stories high, including the basement, and fire-proof throughout. The principal material is brick, faced with massive blocks of granite, chiefly from the quarries of Quincy, Mass. The most remarkable features of this huge building are its graceful portico, presenting to the eye a fascade of eighteen Ionic columns, each nearly forty feet in height, and upward of four feet in diameter, the shafts of which are each a single stone (wrought in the most perfect manner, at a cost of three thousand dollars), and the Rotunda, or Exchange Room, which is one hundred feet in diameter, with a double dome of brick, surmounted by a vertical skylight which allows a thorough and complete ventilation. The dome is supported partly by eight massive Corinthian columns of Italian marble, weighing forty-one tons each, in very large sections, imported expressly for this service. The floor is flagged with the same material, and altogether the room is the finest in America. Owing to the embarrassments of the company who erected the Exchange, they were constrained, soon after its completion, to decline a most generous and noble offer tendered them by the late Thomas Cole, the artist of the "Voyage of Life," to decorate, entirely at his own expense, the walls of the Rotunda with a series of paintings illustrative of four of the most prominent events in the early history of the Republic. The land upon which the building stands cost about three-fourths of a million, and the building about a million and a quarter of dollars. Isaiah Rogers, Esq., was the architect, and it was under the supervision of Solomon Willard, Esq., the architect and builder of the Bunker Hill Monument, that the columns and other heavy blocks of granite were quarried and dressed. The capital of the company who projected this enterprise being entirely inadequate to its cost, the property was sold, soon after its completion, in virtue of the foreclosure of a mortgage, and the original stockholders lost every dollar of their investment. The merchants of the city meet "on 'Change," in the "Rotunda," daily at half-past three o'clock, P. M., when the Grinnells, Griswolds, Aspinwalls, Tilestons, Knapps, Kingslands, and other New York merchants, drive their bargains with characteristic energy. Cargoes of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., change hands with surprising alacrity, and fortunes are often acquired from the transactions of a single hour. From the roof of the Exchange, accessible at all times on application at the office of the company (No. 56 1-2), the view of the city and vicinity is exceedingly fine.—*Life Illustrated.*

CHILDREN IN THE BASTILE.—The Lexington (Mich.) *Democrat* protests, as sensibly as severely, against the practice of confining juvenile offenders for a longer term than older minors would be incarcerated for the same crimes. It says: "The boy's Bastile, at Lansing, contains some fifty boys under the age of sixteen, who are sentenced there until they are twenty-one. One little boy is only five years of age!—a mere baby!—and yet he is confined in prison walls as a criminal! He has no mother there to cheer his aching heart; no father's counsel to guide his erring footsteps. No—he is torn away from his parents and his home, to pass the sunny portion of his life in a dungeon. And yet, what crime *can* a child of his age commit, that should subject him for fifteen long years to a prisoner's fate? We are not opposed to a house of correction for juvenile offenders, for such an institution is necessary. But we are opposed to such inhuman laws as now disgrace our statute books. These are the reasons why portions of the public press are denouncing the House of Correction at Lansing. They do not wish to abolish it, but they wish to correct the glaring defects in relation thereto, imposed upon the people—or rather we should say, upon the children of the State."

A BOY RECOVERED FROM THE INDIANS.—Mr. William Dickson returned home to Knox County, Missouri, last week from the Plains, where he had been on a successful mission to recover his son, captured more than a year ago, by the Indians. The Kirksville *Enterprise* says: "In the Spring of 1855, Mr. Dickson, with his family, went to California, where they remained until the Spring of 1856, at which time they, in company with six other persons, started to return to the States, but on their journey homeward were attacked by a band of savage Indians, and all were brutally murdered, as he thought, except himself. After his return some time, he heard of a boy about six years old, answering the description of his son; he, in company with three other men, started in pursuit of him, and through the aid of the friendly Indians heard of the whereabouts of his son. He succeeded in recovering him after considerable delay. He paid twelve horses for him. The boy had been fifteen months with the Indians, and had entirely forgotten his native (German) language."

HURRICANE IN OHIO.—A terrible hurricane passed over the country, one mile north of Frankfort, in this State, on the line of the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, on Thursday afternoon, destroying houses, barns, and fences. A two-story dwelling was completely prostrated, and eight or ten persons were seriously injured; two of them not expected to recover.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.—Recently, in St. John's, N. B., on a dark night, a man walked off one of the wharves in that city, when the tide was out. He groped his way along in the mud, but instead of taking a course which would extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament, he wandered up among the piles beneath the wharf, where, of course, he became more bewildered than ever. The rising tide made him conscious of his danger, and by shouts and noise he was enabled to attract the atttention of persons passing in the vicinity, but too late for success. As the tide rose, he climbed to the top of the spiles, and through the small aperture in the wharf sufficient for one of his arms, he was enabled to inform them of his situation. His position and feelings can be imagined, when the water was every moment rising around him, and he could not be extricated. He shook hands with his friends, passed through the hole all the money and valuables he had about his person, and just as the water was closing over him, after giving some directions concerning his family, he bid his friends good-bye, and the gurgling water beneath announced that all was over. His body was recovered when the tide receded.

THE REVULSION.—In a few weeks more, says the Chicago *Times*, twenty thousand people will be without the usual means of earning a livelihood in this city. So soon as the navigation closes, the little business that is now doing will almost cease, and the numerous class now picking up a casual living will, with their dependants, become to a great extent a public burden. Let us inquire into this untoward state of things, and see what is best fitting to be done. As compared with other times of pressure the most striking present point of difference is this, that we are in the midst of plenty. Never previously, in the history of the country, has there been more ample provision for man and beast. Barns and country stores are full to overflowing with wheat and corn, and the prairies are thickly clustered with hogs and cattle. In 1837, a different state of things prevailed. There was no superfluity of the staff of life; but on the contrary we were receiving wheat and flour from Europe. Flour then touched sixteen dollars a barrel in New York City, and several stores were plundered by an excited starving multitude.

AN INCIDENT.—A strange visitor came into the editorial sanctum of the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* on an evening last week. The storm was raging without, and the *Journal's* corps were busy within; while below lay Wall street, silent and gloomy. Suddenly there came a tapping as of some one gently rapping, and a little brown, frightened bird flew wildly against the window-panes. The poor, houseless wanderer appeared to appeal to us for charity; like the dove first sent out by Noah, it could not find rest for the sole of its foot in the cold, rainy night; and we suppose it disdained to apply at a station-house. A friendly hand took the little fugitive in, and for the remainder of the night it exhibited its gratitude by playing and hopping about the office, snatching only a brief moment of repose, perched on the mounting of a map of Cuba. When daylight came, the little fellow was dismissed, and off he flew, as much delighted with his freedom as he was the evening before with a shelter from the storm.

HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.—This gentleman, who was recently elected a representative to Congress from Texas, went to that State eighteen years ago, a poor and friendless stranger. He educated himself, and the hours usually devoted to rest were spent in toil to pay for his schooling and the purchase of books. He split rails, drove oxen, toiled in farm-fields, surveyed in a wild unsettled country, until he became inured to hardships; strict integrity and honesty marked his course and met its reward. He gradually rose from one position to another; was admitted to the bar; was selected from his country as the ablest man to represent it in the Legislature; was subsequently made Judge of a superior court, to which position he was elected for a second term; and now he has been elected by the people of Eastern Texas, representative in the Congress of the United States, and is spoken of as having fair prospect before the Legislature for United States Senator.

THE INDIANS.—We must not neglect to say something about our dusky neighbors occasionally. We notice that many of them are beginning to dress more after the style of civilized life than heretofore. One came to town last week, doffed his blankets and leggings, and purchased a suit of clothes and a fur cap. He could not get the hang of them rightly, but straddled about like a three year old sonny with his first pair of breeches on. Some of the warriors are becoming more polite towards the squaws. They used to ride and make the women walk. But now, when a man wants to sell a pony, he will put his wife upon its back, and mount a horse himself and come to town. When he starts home again, he will place his squaw on the remaining horse, tie the extra saddle behind her, and walk by her side. But as soon as he gets out of sight of town, he kindly makes her dismount and lug the saddle home on her back, while he rides!—*White Cloud Kansas Chief.*

PUGILISM IN HIGH FEATHER.—Under the new Street Commissioner several distinguished pugilists have, it appears, been appointed to high posts in the city government. This is the first time in this country that prize fighting has become a qualification for office. The precedent, we presume, is taken from the election of the famous pugilist, Gully, to a place in the British Parliament.—*N. Y. paper.*

CLAY MONUMENTAL STATUE.—The contract for the statue of Henry Clay, to be erected in New Orleans, has been signed, and the work will be at once undertaken. The sculptor is Mr. Joel T. Hart, who will be assisted in casting the statue by Mons Miller of Murich, who is reported to be the most eminent caster in Europe. The artist is now in that country. He undertakes, to the best of his ability, a bronze statue, twelve feet six inches high, in conformity with a design of his own that has been approved by the Association, and to deliver it to the Committee here, and superintend its erection, on or before the 1st day of January, 1860. He also contracts to make a design and working drawings for the pedestal. The Association agree to pay the artist for this work the sum of $14,000—$6,000 on the completion of the model and its readiness to be cast in bronze, and the remaining $8,000 on the delivery of the statue to the Committee.

A FEARFUL JUDGMENT.—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* of a late date says: "For some days past, there has been a singular story afloat in this community. It appears that a man in the neighborhood of Mount Union, Huntington County, while cleaning grain, suddenly discovered that the weevil had destroyed the greater part of it. This so exasperated him, that he blasphemed the Saviour in such a wilful, malicious, and wicked manner, as will not bear putting in print. He left the barn and went to the house, when he seated himself in a chair, where he had remained but a few minutes before he turned to his wife, and asked her what she said. She replied that she had not spoken. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I heard somebody say that I must sit here till the judgment day.' It is now alleged that he is *still sitting in the chair*, unable to rise or speak, with his eyes rolling, and totally incapable of moving his body."

A GOVERNOR THAT RECOGNIZES A SUPREME BEING.—Gov. McRae of Mississippi, proclaims Thanksgiving in the following manner, which is more remarkable for a business-like than a religious spirit: "Since I have been in office, I have, in each year, as Governor of the State, without any authority of law, but sustained by ancient custom, appointed a day of Thanksgiving. Thursday, the 19th day of this month, is the day now appointed, and I trust it will be observed. There is, certainly, some super-ruling Providence which has brought us into existence, and which will ultimately accomplish the ends for which we were created not only as individuals, but as a people. Nothing can, therefore, be lost by recognizing the obligation which we owe to the Supreme Being—by it much may be gained."

BEARS TAKEN IN ON THE ROAD.—The Eastern stage, when it had reached near to Cherryfield a few days since on account of the badness of the road, stopped for some of the passengers to "foot it" up a hill. One of the passengers, a young lad, saw a cub backing down a tree which was by the side of the road. He ran and told a fellow-passenger, who returned to the spot, and captured another one, the first seen cub having made its escape. It was "taken in" as a fellow-passenger and carried to Cherryfield.—*Ellsworth American.*

THE COMING ELECTION IN NEW YORK.—During the last three or four weeks, since the State election, over 2,000 naturalized voters have been made, and it is probable that the whole number passed upon by the courts will be nearly 3,000 before the middle of next week. From present appearances we should not be surprised if the charter election were to bring seventy thousand voters to the polls. The contest amongst the Aldermen will be a particularly animated one.

Fifty years ago there were only the Branch Bank of the U. S., near the Custom House, the Merchants' and the Manhattan Banks in the city of New York. These did business in Wall street. To-day there are seventy-six banks in the city, and every year ushers in others. Yet the people of this country were not originally partial to banks, for on glancing through the history of the States, we find vehement protests and predictions declared against them. The Legislature, in 1819, took this view of the subject: "Of all aristocracies," they said, "none more completely enslaves a people than that of money; and in the opinion of your committee, no system was ever devised so perfectly to enslave a community as that of banking establishments. Like the syren of the fable, they entice to destroy." In the year 1816, Mr. Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, declared in Congress that "he considered the litter of banks lately created in Congress as the offspring of private legislation and legislative fraud." In the same legislature another member declared that the difference between the United States and England was simply this: "England conferred exclusive privileges on individuals called Lords; in the United States the same privileges are conferred on corporations called Banks. The effect on the people in both cases is the same—the many live and labor for the benefit of the few."

Lorin Bell, acting as deputy postmaster at Perceville, Wyoming County, Pa., has been arrested for robbing the United States mail of letters and money, and bound over in the sum of $2,000. He confesses to have stolen over a dozen letters within six months, and that $25 is the smallest sum any of them contained.

The Hudson River takes its rise about 250 miles north of New York, in a mountainous country, on the confines of Canada, and has been called the Rhine of America. If its claims to historic associations are fewer, its picturesque beauty is not surpassed by any of the classic streams of Europe.

The New Albany, Indiana, *Ledger* of November 1, says: "Three or four weeks ago a family came to this city from Ohio, bringing with them an infant child. The mother and child took sick with the typhoid fever and the child died. The father went to several of our coffin-makers to procure a coffin, but not succeeding, got a shoe box, carried it home, filled it partly with shucks, spread a cloth over these, and in the shoe box placed the child. This done, he took the box under his arm, carried it to the graveyard, and deposited his earthly hope, almost silently and alone. This is rather a hard case, and in a Christian community, too—a community rejoicing in a Young Men's Christian Union, and about twenty churches, where a monthly contribution is taken for the *heathen*."

At a meeting of mechanics held at Masonic Hall, Louisville, recently, the startling fact was developed, that 3,000 industrious people are out of employment, in consequence of the money pressure. A committee was appointed, under instructions to confer with the employers, the banks and the merchants, as to the best method to obtain it, and when ready to report to call a meeting—an earnest, peaceful meeting—of all the business classes, and of all branches of industry in the city, to hear it, and to deliberate upon it.

A bridge from New York to Brooklyn has been proposed by Samuel C. Norlad, civil engineer, whose plan is to form a company with a capital of $6,000,000; the bridge to be 2,500 feet; to rest on five arches of 500 feet each, 200 feet above high water mark, resting on transverse arches of 20 feet; the roadway to be 100 feet for cars, wagons, &c. The idea is, that the stores erected in the colonnade will make the investment pay.

A whistling match came off at Mokelumne Hill, California, not long ago. Two whistlers commenced at half-past nine in the evening, and kept it up till ten minutes of two the next morning, when one of them caved in, and was forced to stretch his mouth in all sorts of shapes to get the "pucker" taken out of it. He "allowed" lips felt "like they was the toe of an old boot, with a large hole in it."

The Detroit *Free Press* avers that the Republican candidate for Mayor in that city visited the Detroit locomotive works to palaver the workmen. While doing the usual shaking of hands, his coat-tail caught in a band, and he was strung up to the ceiling amidst frantic kicks and struggles on his part.

A young Irish girl at Palmer, Mass., was intending to return to Ireland, and, in order to raise money for her expenses, made preparations for a ball at her residence; but suddenly died about eight o'clock in the evening, while her friends were assembling at the house.

A monster Indian passed through Chattanooga, Tennessee, a few days ago, on his way to Atlanta, Georgia, for exhibition there. He is said to be seven feet nine inches in height, and to weigh four hundred and sixty pounds, although only eighteen years old.

A horse, valued at $300, owned by Henry Waldorph, of the town of Kinderhook, was so much frightened by the sight of an elephant which passed his residence lately, that it ruptured a blood vessel, from the effect of which it died.

In Alabama, a farmer very recently had his butter seized by the clerk of the market, for short weight, and gave as a reason that the cow from which the butter was made was subject to the cramp, and that caused the butter to shrink in weight.

It is stated that the steamship companies have refused to bring home the remains of Crawford, the artist, and it is feared that some difficulty will be experienced in persuading any sailing vessel to do the same thing.

The *Journal de Quebec* informs us that the school of the Christian Brothers was entered on Saturday night, the 7th of November, and a number of Crosses stolen from it, which the thief or doubt supposed to be silver.

A terrible collision took place on Sunday night week between two steamships on the Lower Mississippi. Twenty-five passengers were drowned, one of whom was Gen. Hamilton, formerly of South Carolina, now of Texas.

Samuel Harston, of Pittsylvania County, is the richest man in Virginia. He owns 1,700 slaves, and they increase at the rate of one hundred a year. He is estimated to be worth $5,000,000.

In Canada, an immediate dissolution of Parliament, a General Election, and a remodelling of the Cabinet, are looked forward to as inevitable.

Brother Jonathan thus describes a steamboat: "It's got a saw-mill on one side, and a grist-mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle."

The election in Massachusetts has revealed one fact—that the American party is in a minority from which a resurrection is hopeless.

The house rents due in New York on the 1st Nov. were estimated at three million dollars, being one quarter's rent.

Outside of the city of Baltimore the Democratic majority in the State of Maryland is nearly one thousand.

Mr. J. Pilgrim, of Boston, is writing a three-act drama for Miss Maggie Mitchell, entitled "The Wild Irish Girl."

Seventeen persons are now confined for debt in the jail of London, Canada West.

Scarlet fever is scourging a portion of the Mississippi.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MOGUL; WASHINGTON, D. C.—Answered by Post.
IN OUR NEXT.—Washington Correspondence, &c.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 28, '57.

CHARITY AS A MATTER OF DISTANCE.

LORD NAPIER has addressed a note to the British Consul in this city, asking him to open subscription lists for the benefit of the "sufferers" by Sepoy "atrocity" in India. We do not presume to dictate to our English friends, who will naturally respond to this official intimation; but as there is quite a difference just now between "loyalty" and "charity," we ask their best consideration to the following facts and inferences:

India is a four months' voyage from us. New York is about us. The "sufferers" by war in India, are not half so numerous, or half so needy, as the "sufferers" by want in New York. Whatever aid may be sent to the former would save thousands of the latter from utter destitution, before it can arrive in Calcutta. *Here*, we will see and feel the fruits of our benevolence in a greater security of life and property, and can guard against the improper disposal of our money. *There*, others will have the handling of our largess; the good it may do will only affect us, if at all, in the other world; and there is no assurance that the sending of it out of the common course of circulation is not equivalent to giving it, through a third party, to the Sepoys, and still more endangering the security of Europeans in India, by increasing the inducements to Hindoo cupidity. It is a saying as old as the hills that the poor can lose nothing, and are always the safest portion of a community when thieves are about. In other words, we kill the beaver for his fur, while the hedge-hog revels in his useless quills, or, as our Spanish forefathers have it, "the *plucked* chicken never dies on account of his feathers." These are good reasons for disposing of our charity nearer home than the seat of this terrible, horrible, monstrous Sepoy "rebellion;" but we find others not less worthy in the difference between the classes of "sufferers" in India, and in New York.

The "sufferers" in India have heretofore enjoyed comparative immunity from the frowns of fortune. The "sufferers" in New York have always been suffering to a very unpleasant extent, and the equilibrium of misfortune can only be promoted by favoring *them*. The "sufferers" in India have labored very little for a living, and by an excessive desire to gather the fruits of other peoples' labor, have attracted their own fate. The "sufferers" of New York have always had to tug and moil for their daily bread, and do not come under the suspicion of having waxed fat on the earnings of their fellowmen. The most that can be said against them is, that they are improvident, instead of avaricious; and possess capacious stomachs, instead of over-nice palates. These, also, seem good reasons for relieving the longest bound prisoners in the Sing Sing of Penury first; and are in no manner weakened by the contrary action of Ex-Governor Clarke, or the every-day acts of our judicial authorities.

A whole phalanx of reasons, however, still remain, urging the greater merits of our breakfastless, dinnerless, supperless unemployed over the hurrying fugitives of India. Apart from the consideration that it will be very hard to find the latter in the brushwood thickets of Bengal, and also a hazardous risk of human life to ferret them out in their hiding places, it is much easier to subsist in a tropical climate than in a great city like this. Food, so to speak, grows ready baked in India from the bushes, and in the multifarious voices of many colors and sweet scents, calls aloud, "take and eat." If it does not possess all the qualities which a Newark Baker ascribes to "Bogan's Big Bread," it has an excellent effect in rendering the body supple—a great *desideratum* in flight. Then again, a hungry man or woman makes up in courage what they lack in strength; and it appears hopeless to think that our white brethren in India will ever be able to keep up their spirits to the "vengeance" pitch, so necessary to a proper disposition of the rebels, if not denied the aliments whose absence so powerfully affects the Saxon seat of bravery in the belly. Passing from India to New York, we find, on the other hand, that even berries have to be bought in our market places, and that not a single substitute for loaves grows from the lamp-posts. If you stretch forth your hand for a flitch of bacon, without the necessary *oboli* in it to satisfy the presiding genius of yonder butcher-shop, ten to one, you will be arrested for larceny, or at least receive the answer which Sterne's needy knife-grinder got from the philanthropist—"I'd see you d—d first." Further, while a judicious lack of certain comforts in India is to be desired by all our citizen ins favor of English dominion there, since it will increase the desperation of persons of the "same blood, faith, and religion" by increasing the number of objects to be fought for, the absence of the usual food would have, as the late burglaries show, a very dangerous effect on the poorer classes of our city population. We are not Sepoys; and it is evidently our interest to appese that hunger in New York, which promises to be the best prop of English dominion in India.

When we come to consider our comparative obligations to the "sufferers" in the Peninsula and those in New York, here, again, the objects of charity about us, overpower their competitors for our generosity. The sufferers in India did not build New York, develope her resources with their sinews and ingenuity, or form our army of commerce. Our own sufferers did all this. The palaces of Fifth Avenue represent the difference between what we paid them for their labor, and what we got for it. The plethoric bodies of our merchants are the work of their hands. Not a soul of us could say to a member of our body "you would be so well fed, or clothed, to-day, without the laborers, the mechanics, and the artizans." *These* make our streets, build our buildings, work our machine shops, drive our manufactories, and only end their services to us when they heap the last shovel-full of clay on our tenantless bodies, in the Pagan's Greenwood, or the Christian's Calvary. *Those* interfere with our business by underpaying the Ryot for his toil, and closing the market for goods which we might otherwise produce, and thus increase the Briærius arms of our Industry. *Those* force their opium with cannon ramrods down the throats of half-a million Chinese yearly, and thus poison to death myriads of our best customers. *Those* do not buy our groceries, dry goods, or newspapers. *These* do. In the failure of *those* we see the "bursting up" of the opposition establishment over the way. By the death of one of *these*, we lose a capital of $1,000 from the ways of trade, have a certain amount of clothing and food thrown on our hands, bear about another unfilled lease of a tenement house in our breeches' pocket, and the whole nation is deprived of a factor of its greatness.

Choose between them, men of business—you, and I, and all of us,—Lazarus at your gate, or Dives thirsty in India.

"COMPARATIVE CRITICISM."

OUR excellent contemporary, the Cincinnati *Telegraph*, replies to a late remark of the *New Era*, and another of the TABLET, with characteristic good-nature; and we cannot allow its article to pass unnoticed, without evincing a disrespect which we do not feel, for both its matter and its manner. The difference of opinion between our contemporary and ourselves is such as two persons, equally unbiassed by prejudice, may at any time experience; and the acquisition of just views being the sole object of this difference in either, we shall treat it as if our readers were not listeners, since we desire them to take no part in it, even by amplification:

"Banks are easily solvent where little business is done."

Yes, and Banks are more easily solvent where no business is done; but it is no less true that Banks which *are* solvent, *pari passu*, with the demands of business are the best. Such are those of Canada; such are not those of the United States, as the experience of the past weeks painfully teaches. 75 out of 76 Banks in this city alone, for instance, have fallen in within a month.

"Their solvency or insolvency is no measure of the state of the working classes in any country."

Their *insolvency* or *solvency*—not *necessarily*; but the Banks themselves—yes. Bank Reports and Poor House Statistics are the only "measures" we have. The number of poor in Charitable Institutions and the amount of money in Savings Banks are generally considered to be the best tests, apart from *personal* knowledge, which no one has yet acquired, and, therefore, not given to others. If Banks be not a test—one of the tests—we have none. Again, the existence of Savings Banks is, *a priori*, an evidence that "the *working* classes" have money to be put in them; their number is constructive evidence of the amount of money diffused among these classes; and their solvency would prevent the amount of suffering caused by their insolvency. Still again, Banks of issue act upon Savings Banks; and it will not do to say that while the one sort may be admitted to influence the laboring body, the other does not. Ask forty thousand of the ninety thousand out of employment in New York what partly caused their idleness, and they will answer, "the Banks." From all which, we conclude, that Banks *are* to an extent "measures" of the material state of the laboring classes, and that as their insolvency is a curse to these classes, their solvency would be a benefit.

"Without desiring to depreciate that portion of Queen Victoria's dominions, we must be allowed to believe that the following propositions are undeniable: Canada has very long winters, and very short summers, a cold soil and a small variety of grains and fruits; comparatively low wages and little work; a stagnant commerce and a plodding, unenterprising husbandry; a preponderant anti-Catholic influence in her Legislature, and a *growing* (?) faction of virulent Orangemen; and, above all, is a British Province, which may at any moment become the theatre of a British persecution."

We reply: that the United States, having "neither very long winters nor very short summers," has, therefore, more of that weather which induces the diseases of the lungs, &c., from which the majority of our citizens die; that it is the deaths in this weather which mainly contribute to make life so much shorter in this country than in Canada (which Hogan, in his "Prize Essay," proves it to be); that the price of labor is governed in this country as in Canada, by the laws of "demand and supply," but that, while Canada has no overstocked labor market, the United States have; that a "commerce and enterprise" which produce no suffering by their excess, like those of Canada, are better than the inflated "commerce and enterprise," like those of the United States, which do; that the United States have a preponderant anti-Catholic influence in their Legislatures in the same sense that Canada has; and above all, that, as the United States have been deluged with blood spilt by the Know-Nothing faction, still continue to be so deluged, and Authority in every instance has been unable to prevent atrocities, they may at any moment become, if they are not already, the theatre of a religious persecution.

"As to the fact that those who 'depreciate' Canada 'favor its friendly annexation to the United States,' it only shows that the hopeful vigor of Young America shrinks from no difficulties."

Herein lies the "self-sufficiency" of American character. When we shall have succeeded in conferring practical religious freedom upon the Catholics within our borders—when we shall have got the better of our myriad mobs—when the poor man, grown rich, shall have been protected in life and property even in Broadway, in the broad day—(N. B. Five murders for money here last night)—it will be ample time to extend our possessions.

THE LECTURE SEASON.

IF we are to have any Catholic Lectures during the winter, it is full time for our Literary and Benevolent Societies to plan their Courses. If the "hard times" have so far infringed upon our pockets that we have not even 25 cents to spare for an hour's intellectual entertainment, we had better place the Lecturer in the list of "Luxuries" and dispense with him. To decide between these two alternatives is the business of our Literary institutions. Personally, the question, to have or not have Lectures, resolves itself into the comparative value of a quarter, and an hour's instruction; and our love of information is such that we instinctively give greater importance to the latter. Where wider interests are at stake, greater care should be taken in arriving at a conclusion.

Premising, however, that the monetary panic will not wholly destroy the institution of the lecture, we have a few suggestions to offer on the requirements of the class to which they will be mainly addressed. It must be apparent to every one that there is now no issue involving a principle before the Catholic body. The Red Republican question, in political opinions, is buried with its cis-Atlantic authors. The propriety or impropriety of secret societies, as a means of defense, decided by Urban IV. and Gregory VII., is settled in every mind by the controversies to which Know-Nothingism gave rise. State Education, and States Charities, are matters upon which just views are practically powerless, and the less we say about them, the less will we be laughed at or insulted. The only timely topics upon which our Lecturers can debate with effectiveness are ones wholly of a Social or Literary character; and when we add that these embrace the sources of our greatest weaknesses, and suggest the most effective remedies, we have sufficiently indicated their importance.

In the discussion of the first class of topics, two things should be constantly borne in mind: that we are a distinct people on this soil, so far as common wrongs and a common mission can make us so; and that our ailments, whatever they may be, require distinct treatment. It will not do to huddle us up in a common aphorism with our fellow-citizens, so long as we are treated by these fellow-citizens as a class receiving no honor for its good deeds, and certain execration for its bad ones. When the American people and Press shall have learnt to concede to us all the immunities they claim for themselves;—when they shall have learnt to charge our want of forethought to something else than the influence of our religion; when they shall have learnt to put the name American, instead of "Irish," to our drunkards and criminals, it will be time enough for us to pass under the spears of their "common truths." At present the Gulf Stream is not more marked out from the surrounding ocean, than we are from our fellow-citizens by our peculiarities and necessities; and the Lecturer who would aspire to estimate the length and breadth of our social evils would be as incapable of forming a correct opinion of them, or treating them to the best advantage, as the Captain who does not allow for the current and inequalities given in his Chart, would be unable to find the true depth at Saint George's Bank. This fact being properly understood, there are few of our professional Lecturers who could not render great service during the winter. It suggests a train of thought full of noble truths, and

fortified by the result of past experience. It is, above all, the "Open Sesame" to the Catholic heart, and the touchstone which best evokes the dormant energy of the Irish understanding. The man who does not accept it may give us new ideas of social economy, of the institution of the family, and such like, but he most stop half way in his cure. "Glittering generalities up at the Moon" he has for sale, but means of bettering us beyond, he has none. For instance: are need a Public Spirit quick to resent wrongs done to us. Such a man dare not recognize a Public Spirit, apart from that which eternally appeals to the Constitution, but has a most dutiful respect to the "powers that be," and is, therefore, aye, therefore, no Public Spirit at all. We need to be independent of all parties to secure fair treatment fro many of them. Such a man sees in Party a lesser Deity, or if he recognizes the "feet of clay" exclaims—"There is the embodiment of American Politics—respect and obey it." Fudge! to such a man, say we. *He* has no wisdom which *we* want.

In reference to the class of literary topics fitted for the Catholic mind, every lecturer should be his own judge. The small circulation of our magazines and newspapers is, perhaps, the best evidence of our dearth of knowledge, and shows that the seeds of a literary taste need to be widely sown. To do this effectively, though we write it, a prosaic newspaper editor is the worst man in the world. His talk is a continued stream of "copy" written on air, and his whole tone of mind, as a general rule, is destructive of the sweet sprite, Fancy. To ask such a man to construct our mental taste is to ask a blacksmith to practise watchmaking, or to take the opinion of a railroad sign-painter on the lights and shades of a Claude Lorraine. He may appreciate literature—he *must* appreciate it to a certain extent to be what he is—but he cannot convey his own feelings to, or awaken similar ones, in others. Our poets, our novelists, our dramatists, are the minds for this work. Have we any?

Decidedly, yes. There is a true Catholic poet, McLeod, of St. Louis. There is another, Williams, of Mobile. The former has lectured several times and with great applause to Catholic audiences. Mr. Williams has not yet, to our knowledge, stood behind the lecturer's desk, but he must be possessed of all that is requisite for the position, an appreciative love for the beautiful in literature, and the capacity to dislay it in a high degree, or we would be without some of the finest snatches of verse in the language. In the list of authors first, certainly, both on account of his powers and performances, stands the author of *Shandy McGuire* and *The Spaewife*, Father Boyce of Worcester, whose lectures on "Mary, Queen of Scotts," and "Mary Stuart" were *chef d'œuvres* of their kind. Milnes, of Baltimore, author of the tragedy of *Mahomet*, and John G. Shea, whose "Indian Missions" and some other works give abundant proof that he is eminently adapted for the "historical" Lecture, belong to this class. John C. Cannon also deserves to be mentioned here, for his "Ravellings" are filled with the daintiest threads of neat Conceit. We have taken the liberty of noting these names for the purpose of showing that we have some real literary artists in our body; that if we need a literary taste created, these are the fittest men to create it; and, by inference, that they who pass these by, and invite persons from the Pulpit or the Press, not distinguished for their works of genius, do a great injustice to the people to be benefitted. It is a gross mistake to think that a Lecture outside of College walls consists of a serious face, two-and-two-make-four-logic, philosophical thievings from Balmez, and violent declamation; or, rather, it is a gross mistake to think it ought. We have a crop of young men growing up, and if we hope to have a Catholic Literature, be sure that theology, philosophy, and we may add politics, will not only kill their interest in the Lectures, but eradicate the infant shoots of Belles Lettres from their minds. For the first we go to church, for the second we read Brownson's *Review*, and for the third, as the days of decent politicians are past, we join in a Caucus Meeting. Keep them out of the Lecture Room, by all means, if you are a friend to our literary advancement.

In giving the above-named gentlemen as specimens of a class, we leave ourselves open to the charge of speaking of them without authority. We do not know whether they would accept invitations to lecture; but this we *do* know, that we should only resort to others when *they* have declined.

ENGLAND'S AMERICAN (?) ALLY.—Great as was the joy of the Londoners on hearing of the "supposed" fall of Delhi, it was nothing to the exultation with which an *independent* daily contemporary, located on one of the corners of Nassau street, received the news. It must be highly flattering to the English at home to know that their quondam colonies are so loyal, notwithstanding the unpleasant little affair of 1776 and succeeding years. It must be a source of pleasure to the English here to learn by the summary of news published in the columns of that great daily, that the American naval officers at Plymouth "gave full evidence of their warm attachment to the British nation." Were the journal in question the organ of American opinion we would not despair of soon seeing Jonathan humbly demanding to be received back into the embraces of his former guardian; but we, who are naturalized, know exactly what the joy of our enterprising contemporary means, and we are likewise aware that the Scotch have the reputation of being more English than the English themselves.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.—The *States* of Tuesday announces the appointment of John H. Houston, of this city, to a clerkship in the Second Comptroller's office, worth $1,600, *vice* Madison Cutts, father-in-law of Douglas, late promoted to the head of the bureau. Mr. Houston was elected an Alderman of Washington two years ago by the Know-Nothing party—was a regular member of the order, "in good standing"—*and was actually a clerk in the office of the American Organ.* He still claims to be an "American." We have not understood that anything has been done for Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Democratic candidate for Alderman, who was beaten by Houston and his Know-Nothing braves—but that is no business of ours. It is said that great dissatisfaction prevails among the "Democracy," at the appointment of Know-Nothings and Old Line Whigs.—*Semi-Weekly Republic, Washington, D. C.*

Instances of this sort are accumulating, and it devolves upon the Washington *Union* to explain them. At the same time, will it please inform us what has been done with the Know Nothing office-holdors in Dunkirk, N. Y., which the *News* of this city had lately in hands? ☞ Foreign-born citizens, believe us, require something more than the *profession* of Democracy in these days—viz., the *practice.*

"SUBLIMELY ELOQUENT."—This is the phrase used by the *Delta*, of New Orleans, to designate a passage from Dr. Ross' new book entitled "Slavery Ordained by God." Yes, Mr. *Delta*, sublimely eloquent—bosh! Dr. Ross' eagle "wheeling up towards Ararat, displaying his breast glittering with stars and stripes (*sic*) of scarlet and silver, until lost to the prophetic eye of Japthet," is a mere chickling when compared to Ike Partington's bird. Let the Dr. try again.

OUR NEW STORY.—A New Story, "HERBERB DAMEY," translated from the French, by Mrs. J. Sadlier, will appear in our next. O'BYRNE; or, *The Expatriated*," as our readers will regret, is finished in the present number.

The *Tribune* takes Dr. A. V. Williams of the Free Academy,—that half educational, half political sponge, which sucks up $40,000 yearly,—to task for his "horrible Latin." We agree with the *Tribune* that the Doctor's is very dear stuff; but we cannot close our eyes to the *Tribune's* ' horrible" English. The greatest geniuses of the language are bad grammarians as Breen shows, still, "persons who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

On Saturday, the 21st, his Lordship the Bishop of Brooklyn conferred Holy Orders on the Rev. Bartholomew Gleeson, and the Rev. Philip S. Albrecht.

THE EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE—MR. WRIGHT AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The TABLET, of New York, complains of the silence of the Catholic press in relation to Mr. Wright's conduct at the above motley meeting. * * * The objection to Mr. Wright's presence, it seems, is, that as *Minister from this country* to the Court of Berlin, he ought to have taken no part in such sectarian proceedings; and that, by so doing, he forgot his official position. This we fully subscribe to. It is seldom, indeed, we have a minister or consul, who has a correct knowledge of his position, or does justice to the spirit and genius of the country abroad. At one time we find them acting the bravado, at another the *ridiculous*, bringing discredit on the country that accredits them by their blunders. Occasionally they fawn upon royalty, in their officiousness, descending beneath their dignity, as is the case in the present instance. * * * *

But to be serious, we ask Mr. Wright, as our representative, *what business had he there?* Were such his instructions from his government? Was he not accountable to that government for his public acts; and was this act of his a governmental duty? We emphatically say no; and we expect the Cabinet at Washington will endorse our views of its servant's conduct, and give Mr. Wright imperative lessons for his future behavior. What would the country think if Mr. Mason at Paris attended a meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy, made a speech on Catholic questions, and lent them all the influence of his official position to forward their designs? or what would not be said and done if Mr. Cass, at Rome, in 1854, attended the meeting of the Catholic Bishops (we are far from supposing that either would or could be admitted) who had assembled to decide on the Immaculate Conception? But granting the possibility and opportunity of such conduct on their part, the country, indignant at such proceedings, would forthwith domand of its Chief Magistrate their recall and dismissal from office. We have every confidence in the impartiality of our worthy President, and expect he will teach Mr. Wright how to keep clear of mingling in church and state affairs. No doubt it would be a great check on his vanity. But, still, it is due of Mr. Buchanan, to the nature of our country's institutions, which he has sworn to observe, to keep his minister, Mr. Wright, within that wholesome restraint which he owes to his office.—*Pittsburgh Catholic, Nov. 21st.*

We feel great pleasure in transferring the above quotations to our pages. The *Catholic* is one of our most public-spirited journals; and we hope to see within a few weeks the majority of the Catholic press unanimous on the necessity of having this Berlin blunder undone. What say the *Telegraph*, the *Miscellany*, the *Mirror*, the *Sentinel*, the *Herald* of Philadelphia, and the *Vindicator* of Detroit?

A NOTE FROM REV. DR. CUMMINGS.

NEW YORK, Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1857.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

Just returned from Europe, I am told, to my great surprise, that several persons have been heard, during my absence, to attribute to me the authorship of a certain letter in the *Daily Times* against Archbishop Hughes, subscribed "Æquitas," and sent to you with a false private signature. I take this early opportunity to state publicly that I did not write the letter in question; that I had no part in it, or knowledge of it whatever, before it appeared; and that I am at this moment entirely ignorant of the source from whence it came. Under ordinary circumstances, this public denial would be enough; but I cannot help adding that I feel indignant at the liberty taken with my good name. Whoever wrote the document in question is clearly a man old in the bitterness of feeling, if not in length of years, and cherishes a virulence of hatred against the Archbishop, that those who are acquainted with me, know well I never can have felt towards any human being. Moreover, the name appended to the letter, according to your statement, by the traitor and sneak who wrote it, was the name of a saintly old priest who has been for many long years a particularly kind friend to me and mine. Let me add that I know of no calumny that would fit me worse, or rouse me more than the suspicion that I could be capable, under any circumstances, of dealing a blow in the dark, and running away from the consequences. Ever since I was a child at home, and a boy in school, I was taught to hate falsehood, and be ashamed of cowardice. Since then I have observed that, as in the case of this "Æquitas," meanness and deceitfulness go together, for I have rarely known a coward who was not also a liar, or a liar who was not at the same time a coward.

Another injurious rumor was started in an editorial of the *Times*, asserting that I was sent to Rome, or had gone there to procure a coadjutor for the Archbishop of New York. No person was ever authorized, directly or indirectly, by me, to make any such statement; and I openly and publicly declare that I never had any such purpose in view, and that no word or act of mine, while in Rome, before or since has warranted the contrary assertion. The author in the statement was guilty of falsehood, and must have meant to injure me, or known at least that his slanders were calculated to do me serious injury.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I am not now three thousand miles away, but present, ready and willing to face any one who shall dare to asperse my character, or attempt to sow discord between my venerable and illustrious Ecclesiastical superior and

Your obedient servant,

J. W. CUMMINGS, D. D.

We give place to the above, *though we are not aware that any such report as that to which the writer alludes, or indeed any mention whatever of his name in connection with this matter*, has ever been made in the columns of the *Times*. Those who are at all acquainted with the character and position of Dr. Cummings, will need, we presume, no additional assurance of the truth of his disclaimer.—*Ed. Times.*

In the italicised phrases above, the disingeniousness of the *Times* is too apparent to escape detection. Dr. Cummings' *name* was not published in the article "Rome and New York," but it was generally understood that "the Clergy of the Archdiocese then present in Rome," referred to in that article, were Dr. Cummings, and Dr. Forbes.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

OBITUARY.

Died at Saint Peter, Minnesota Territory, of consumption, in the 42d year of his age, Rev. JOHN BRADY, late Parish Priest in Woonsocket Falls, Rhode Island.

Mr. Brady was born in the parish of Dromkirk, county of Cavan, Ireland; he studied Theology at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmettsburgh, Maryland; was ordained to the priesthood at Chicago, Ill., and officiated in the Mother Church for 11 years. He was successively stationed at Galena, Ill., Norwalk, Ct., Stamford, Ct., Woonsocket Falls, R. I., and since the failure of his health, towards the close of 1856, he has labored partly in Illinois, and partly in Minnesota. Handsome church edifices in Norwalk and Stamford, Ct., bear evidence of his devotion and industry. After 11 years of laborious application, Mr. Brady departed this life charged with the possession of but few of its treasures; but the kind sympathies of friends solaced him in his last moments more than unpurchaseable wealth. *May he rest in peace. Amen.*

OBITUARY.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Died in Boston, Mass., Nov. 7, of quick consumption, Miss KATE THOMASSIN, in the nineteenth year of her age. Seldom are we called upon to record the passing away of one so highly gifted as this young lady with a combination of the excelling properties of nature and grace. In addition to remarkable personal attractions, she possessed splendid talents, high literary attainments, and solid piety. Amiable, gentle and dignified, she was the idol of her young companions and the admiration of all who knew her; and her death has caused a deep sensation of sorrow among a large circle of her friends. She was educated at the Convent of the Congregation in Montreal, and during five years that she remained there, was one of its brightest ornaments. She distinguished herself repeatedly at the annual public "Distributions," and when she graduated, in July, 1856, bore away the highest prize of honor—the Gold Medal.

It was the desire and intention of Miss Thomassin to return to the Convent and dedicate herself to the service of God; but obeying the dictates of filial piety, which was one of her strong characteristics, she yielded to the wishes of her mother, and consented to defer her entrance for one year. Before the expiration of that period, that insidious disease which so frequently and unrelentingly attacks the young and lovely ones of earth, marked her for its victim, and she was called to the fulfilment of her unspoken vows. She is now, in reality, the Bride of Heaven—she "had kept the whiteness of her soul," and we may confidently trust that her place is among that white-robed throng who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." May this glorious consolation comfort and sustain her bereaved parent!

THE "TABLET" IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Our Subscribers in Albany, N. Y., will be served in future with the TABLET, from the Bookstore of Miss E. O'Sullivan, South Pearl street, who has kindly consented to act as Agent in Albany. Any of our Subscribers wishing the back numbers can have them on application at Miss O'Sullivan's store. She keeps on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books, Pictures, Beads, &c.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Halston Spa, N. Y......John Hand.
West Troy, N. Y......John Bartley.
Janesville, Wis.....Thomas Thornton.
Kingston, C. W......James Farrell.
Schenectady, N. Y......John McDermot.

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

HIS LIFE, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS TIMES.

Translated from the French of M. Nourrisson,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT CLERMONT,
By Arthur F. Knobloch.

CHAPTER V.

NEGOTIATIONS.

Berulle employed by Henry IV.—He reconciles Mary de Medicis to Louis XIII.—His first relations with Richelieu.—Differences relative to the Valtelina—Marriage of Henrietta of France to Charles I.—Berulle in England.

We have now reached in the history of Berulle the period which, though comprising the brightest portion of his life, did not however call for more prudence, energy, uprightness, in short stronger and manlier virtues, than he had been required to exercise in introducing the Carmelites, and in establishing the Oratory in France. It is a circumstance at which we may well marvel that what of Peter de Berulle is least known, should be precisely that which obtained for him the widest notoriety among his contemporaries. In him were admirably combined the piety of the priest, the eloquence of the controvertist, and the indefatigable activity of the founder. Scarcely ever is he suspected of having played a considerable part in the administration of the government; nay, it is oftener the case that this fact is, even entirely ignored.

Does this imply that political acts sink into insignificance when campared with acts of piety? We might be tempted to consider ourselves justified in forming a similar conjecture—in sooth political schemes lose their importance, and die out with the circumstances which brought them into being, and exercise over nations at best but a transient influence. The undertakings of saints are of a more lasting character. They have for object not that which is short-lived or doomed to an early decay, but that which among nations is immortal—the culture and improvement of the soul. Hence political measures fall sooner or later into oblivion, while the memory of saints, ever popular, borrows from past ages a charm which immortalizes and keeps it ever fresh.

Besides there shines on the page of history a name which, in the reign of Louis XIII., seems to eclipse all others, to engross the attention of all, and allow no room for the eulogy of a contemporary—that name is Richelieu's. During the first half of the seventeenth century, all things receive, so to speak, the impress of this mighty genius. The king himself is but a shadow by the side of his minister, and his highest praise is that he had sense enough to abdicate.

Would it not then be presumptive on our part to draw a parallel between Berulle and Richelieu? And does not the difficulty of such a task increase, when we take into consideration that we know little of the public life of Berulle, except what may be gathered from the papers of Richelieu, who breathed his last more than twelve years after his rival, in all the meridian splendor of his undisputed power? Let us nevertheless make bold to institute a comparison between these two men. The one haughty, pompous, and unmerciful, the other meek, humble, unworldly, and having the glory of God for the ultimate end of his actions. To the truly human statesmanship of the one, with his surprising strokes of policy, his treachery, his impetuosity, and likewise his failings, contrast a calm and conscientious management of affairs, inflexible, but not provoking, equally remote from weak concessions and a calculating love of conquest.

"It is a beautiful thing," remarks Bossuet, "to relate the secrets of a sublime statesmanship, or the wise and mild measures of an important negotiation, or the glorious success of some military enterprise. The lustre of such actions seem to illume a discourse, and the loud applause they have already elicited in the world assists the speaker in giving utterance to his words in a firmer and more eloquent tone. But licentiousness and ambition, the almost inseparable concomitants of splendid fortunes, but interest and injustice, always forming too much a component part in the most weighty affairs of the world, lead one into dangers, and it is generally the case that God has so little hand in such lives that it is even difficult to find them marked by any action that deserves the praise of His ministers. . . . . Thanks to Divine Mercy the Reverend Father Bourgoing has lived in such a way that I have to-day no similar difficulties to apprehend. This is not one of those discourses which the speaker addresses to his hearers with a show of embarrassment, in which there occurs any point that would make it the better part of wisdom he should adroitly overlook than dwell upon with too much stress, and in which prudence and discretion fetter the love of truth."

Wise and true-spoken words were these, and which, in many respects, may be applied to Berulle and Richelieu. Who indeed, without using reticency, would wish to relate the life of Richelieu? The life of Berulle on the contrary presents nothing one could wish to disguise; and silence upon the actions of such a man may therefore be reckoned no indulgence, but a wrong.

Notwithstanding his modesty which made him reluctant to appear before the public, and his deep aversion for the affairs of the time, Berulle from the outset of his public life had been burdened with many delicate and difficult cares. In 1604, at the time of his journey to Spain, Henry IV. had entrusted him with the secret commission to ascertain the sentiments of Philip III. on the double marriage of the Dauphin with Ann of Austria, and of the first Infante of Spain with Elizabeth of France—a happy and skillful alliance that sealed the peace of the Vervins. At a later period, in 1615, when the death of Cardinal de Joyeuse transferred to a child, Henry of Guise, his rich ecclesiastical estate, Paul V. felt that he could not more safely confide to any one than Berulle the administration of that large inheritance. Therefore we must not wonder to find him participating in every important event which took place in the kingdom during the last fifteen years of his life.

On the 1st of September, 1616, in consequence of the rising of the lords against the tyranny of the Marshal d'Ancre, the Dukes of Vendome, Mayenne, Bouillon, and Nevers, had been declared rebels, and the Prince de Conde conveyed to the Bastille. At this critical juncture, the sister of the Duke de Nevers, the Duchess of Longueville, besought Berulle to intercede in behalf of her brother. Berulle consented thereto. He addressed the Marshal de Ancre the boldest language in the presence of the Queen-Mother, and having failed to obtain his object, he did not hesitate in a subsequent interview with Mary de Medicis to expose all the odious traits in the character of her creature. Shortly afterwards the assassination of Concini put an end to this incident, but not to the intrigues. Charles d'Albert de Luynes, at first "hawk-trainer and linnet-whistler," succeeded that skilful Italian in Louis XIII's favor, and the Queen-Mother banished to Blois, fled in 1619 to Angouleme, where the Duke d'Epernon was in command. She began thenceforth to verify the prevision of the late king her husband. Let us add that Richelieu, who, thanks to the support of Marshal d'Ancre, had finally just been pulled out "of the poorest and most wretched bishopric in France," was obliged, to his great regret, to leave the court, where scarcely had he appeared as Secretary of State.

Berulle was then deputed by the king to Mary de Medicis, in company with the Count de Bethune, and the Archbishop of Sens. He found the queen in a sullen frame of mind, averse to coming to terms, and biased. Nevertheless he succeeded in softening her down, and even prevailed upon her to appoint Richelieu as a substitute in the place of Abbe de Ruccellai, who was looked upon as an obstacle to her reconciliation with the king. Thus was the Bishop of Lucon, who had been dismissed by Luynes from his office as Counsellor of State, and confined at Avignon, indebted to Berulle for his recall, and this decisive return of his fortune. The queen appointed him her Keeper of the Seals, who was one day to send her to die in exile. He even gained such a perfect ascendancy over her mind that Berulle was soon made to repent the choice he had suggested; for Richelieu, in order to increase his credit, and render himself indispensable, secretly opposed whatever might tend to place the king and his mother on good terms with each other. The pious founder of the Oratory, who had in view, not the promotion of individual interests, but the welfare of the State, strove to exclude his influence. He frankly and openly addressed the Bishop of Lucon himself. He reminded him of the desire he had on a former occasion testified to him to devote himself wholly to the care of his flock; he exhorted him to pursue so laudable an intention, representing to him how grave are the duties connected with his office. He depicted to him a glowing sketch of the trials and wretchedness of the world, of its deceptions and of its afflictions, of which he had a recent instance in the death of the Marquis de Richelieu, his brother, who had just fallen in a duel with the Marquis de Themines. The crafty prelate showed himself deaf to those eloquent words. To him the direction of a diocese was of little or no account. He wished to have the whole of Europe for his theatre, and a kingdom to sway. He has himself related how he eluded those pressing entreaties.

"The Duke D'Epernon, through persons interposing, informed me that I would be much more in my place while in my bishopric, than while remaining near the queen, where I was drawing down on myself so many enemies. To him who addressed me this speech, I answered with as much civility as apparently pervaded his language, that I believed that wherever the queen might happen to be, she would still be mistress. That it devolved upon the Duke d'Epernon to show that I had come from Angouleme with no other purpose in view than his; that I pretended to remain there only and so long as she permitted it, without wishing to impose restraint upon those who would not wish to have me force their humor; and that I deemed myself competent to render essential service to those who would favor me with their good-will."

Nevertheless, the conciliatory efforts of Berulle brought about between Mary de Medicis and her son, an interview which took place on the twenty-ninth day of August, at Coursieres, near Tours; and though Richelieu does not consent to give him the credit of that negotiation, he has not, nevertheless, been able to abstain from mentioning the active mediation of the superior of the Oratory.

"Then," says he, "Cardinal de Larochefoucault, who a few days after had arrived at Angouleme, to see if he might conclude the accommodation sire de Bethune had previously entered upon, found more facility in arranging this affair than he had hitherto met with: on which account they were only three days in concluding the treaty in reference to which sire de Bethune had made several journeys by post, owing to the difficulties which here and there presented themselves!"

Luynes had yielded his assent. The government of Anjou was given to the queen in exchange for that of Normandy. Matters seemed to be definitely settled. But the malcontent lords were not long before fomenting new dissensions, and the liberation of Conde, a manifest condemnation of the principal act of the regency, roused anew the queen's anger.

Mary de Medicis returning then to Angouleme began preparations for war. Louis XIII. was also in the meantime actively engaged in levying forces, and France was once more on eve of becoming the prey of civil war. The king wishing at least to make an effort to obviate such a calamity, deputed once more to his mother, Berulle with the dukes of Montbazon and of Bellegarde, the Archbishop of Sens and President Jeannin. This second step was crowned with complete success. A definitive treaty was signed on the eleventh of August, 1620, and on the sixteenth Mary de Medicis and Louis XIII. meeting at Brissac, there exchanged marks of the most perfect cordiality.

The difficult nature of those negotiations and the manner in which he contributed to bring them to a happy end, fully confirmed the high opinion that had been entertained of father Berulle's prudence. Hence new tasks were consigned to his charge.

The court of France had occasion in 1624 to treat with Rome on two important affairs. The matters in consideration were the marriage of Henrietta-Maria, the king's sister, to the prince of Wales to whom the hand of the Infanta had just been refused, and the peace of the Valteline. Berulle was intrusted with the difficult mission of concluding this two-fold object. He repaired to Rome, and in a very able and forcible manner represented to the Pope the advantages which would accrue to religion in placing a Catholic princess upon the throne of schismatic England, insinuating to him at the same time that it was more out of deference than from necessity that the king of France appealed to his arbitration, and solicited his consent.

Urban VIII. construed rightly the meaning of such a language, and notwithstanding the cavils and the exceptions taken thereto by those who surrounded him, and especially in spite of the intrigues of dissatisfied Spain, he promised to grant the permission demanded.

He manifested a stronger inclination to offer resistance in the question of the Valteline. This valley which extends from the Adda to the lake of Como was inhabited by a Catholic population while it was in the meantime in subjection to the Protestant domination of the Grisons. Spain which coveted after the Valteline, had instigated the inhabitants to an insurrection against the Leaguers who on their side had taken refuge under the French protectorate. The question was a momentous one; for if the possession of the Valteline was convenient to Spain in transporting her troops over into Germany, it was no less a desirable medium to France through which she might communicate with Italy. While the difficulties were pending the Pope had been made the depository of the territory at issue. Now he visibly favored the interests of the king of Spain.

Berulle, as fortunate in this second part of his mission as he had been in the first, succeeded in modifying the intentions and feelings of the Holy Father. On the 10th of September, 1624, he left for Paris, the bearer of better promises, and leaving the Court of Rome surprised at the results he had obtained. His firm and respectful language astonished Urban VIII., who in speaking of him took occasion to use these words: "Father de Berulle is not a man but an angel."

But scarcely had Berulle left Rome when the influences which surrounded the Pope caused him to come back to his original determination. He repented having accorded so much, and deputed his nephew Cardinal Barberini to France, that he might abridge the concessions he had made.

In the meantime the King of England, James I., bore impatiently the long delays by which the marriage of his son was postponed. Without having entered in a direct mann er into a negotiation with the Court of Rome, he deemed he had given the King of France sufficient guarantees in regard to the freedom which his sister would enjoy in England in the exercise of religion. Louis XIII. himself appeared tranquilized. Berulle therefore received instructions to give the legate to understand that if the Pope persisted in his dilatory answers, they would be under the necessity of proceeding without any further notice being taken of them. The license was consequently granted, and the marriage of Princess Henrietta-Maria celebrated at Notre Dame, by Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, the 11th of May, 1625, the Duke of Chevreuse having received a power of attorney from the Prince of Wales to act as his proxy in the ceremony.

It remained to terminate the differences of the Valteline. The negotiations were still pending, and the presence of Berulle would have contributed much towards their successful issue, when it devolved upon the illustrious priest to leave for England. James I. had just died, leaving his throne to his son, who took the name of Charles II. It was in the quality of queen that the sister of Louis XIII. was about to make her entree in Great Britain. It was deemed expedient to give her an establishment in keeping with this exalted rank. Besides her maids and other servants—all Catholics—she was authorized to bring with her twenty-eight chaplains, of whom twelve were fathers of the Oratory. Berulle who had been appointed her confessor, chose those of the society who stood pre-eminent for their talents, learning and birth. Among these were the learned Father Morin, Father de Crequi, a near relation of the marshal of that name; Father Harlay de Sancy, formerly ambassador to the Porte; Father de Morainvilliers, Father de Danville, Father Sequenot, and Father Robert Philipps. Catholicity could not have had in England abler defenders or better representatives. Every heart therefore was buoyed up with hope, and it seemed that England was on the eve of a spiritual conquest. A sad illusion which soon vanished before reality, and which driving the daughter of Henry IV. to pious acts of imprudence, undoubtedly hastened those terrible events in which she exhibited her heroism.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BALFE'S NEW OPERA.—Balfe, the inimitable Irish composer, is on the point of bringing out a new opera. It is called "The Rose of Castille," and persons who have been present at the rehearsal of it speak in the most glowing terms of the beauties of the music, some of which they declare beats anything that Balfe has ever done. Mr. Harrison, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Mr. Weiss will fill the three principal *roles*. There is a glorious buffo part for Honey and Miss Susan Pyne. The story of the opera is an adaptation of "The Muleteer of Toledo," and the songs are from the pen of Mr. Edmund Falconer, author of "The Cagot," and other pieces. No expense is to be spared in the getting up.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

ST. AIDAN OF IONA AND THE SAXON KING OSWALD.

In the year of grace 635, Oswald ascended the throne of Northumbria, left vacant by the death of his uncle Edwin. It so happened that this young prince had been banished from Britain during the latter years of his uncle's life, and having fled to Ireland, received there his education and with it the priceless gift of faith. The darkness of the gross Saxon paganism still overhung the northern wilds of Northumbria, although Christianity prevailed in others of the Saxon kingdoms into which England was then divided, and Oswald, animated with the divine flame caught from his fervent Irish masters, burned to establish Christianity on a firm basis throughout his dominions. One of his first acts after ascending the throne was to apply to the heads of the Irish Church to have a bishop appointed for the Northumbrian mission, and in pursuance of his request, Aidan, an Irish monk of Iona, was sent him, on account of his partial knowledge of the English language.

Bearing in mind St. Columba's choice of the Island of Iona for the seat of his ecclesiastical power, and sensible of the numerous advantages of an insular position for such purposes in those wild, turbulent times, King Oswald fixed Aidan at Lindisfarne, an island off the coast of Northumberland, since better known as Holy Isle. Here, then, the Irish Saint established his See, and being reinforced by several monks from his own country, went to work with resistless energy to convert the heathen population of Northumbria. In this great work he was very soon successful, being ably seconded by the zealous prince whom God had raised up as an an instrument for the conversion of people.

St. Aidan labored under the disadvantage of having, as I have said, but a partial knowledge of the Saxon tongue, while many of his brethren were wholly unacquainted with it. This deficiency they all, of course, set about remedying as soon as possible, but in the meantime, Oswald himself acted as interpreter, when Aidan's English failed. When the Saint set out on one of his missionary tours, Oswald made it a point to be of the party, and, seated on the broad stones of some Druid circle, or under the leafy canopy of an aged oak, the Irish bishop of Lindisfarne and his friend the Saxon king conjointly instructed the simple, earnest multitude in the saving truths of faith. Assuredly that was a sight worthy the ages of faith, and strikingly illustrative of the peculiar character of Christian charity. How beautiful is the character of this young Saxon monarch who spent during the nine years of his reign a truly Christian life, and we may hope died a Christian death, when compared with the irreligious, the profligate kings of whom they are, alas! too many on record, even in those days of primitive fervor! "Lovely was he in life and in death still more lovely!"

From the episcopal establishment in Lindisfarne, which may be called the Iona of England,* the faith of Christ was rapidly disseminated all over the North of England, so that those regions, under God, owed their conversion to St. Aidan, who is, therefore, styled the Apostle of the Northumbrians.

"From that time," says the venerable Bede in his Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, "numbers of Scots, or Irish, poured daily into Britain, preaching the faith, and administering baptism through all the provinces over which King Oswald reigned. In every direction churches were erected, to which the people flocked with joy to hear the Word. Possessions were granted by royal bounty, for the endowment of monasteries and schools, and the English, old and young, were instructed by their Irish masters in all religious observances."

The great monastery of Lindisfarne, founded by this Irish Apostle, is thus described by Scott, in the second Canto of *Marmion:*

> "A solemn, huge, and dark red pile,
> Whose walls o'ergrown with ivy vine
> In Saxon strength that abbey frown'd,
> With massive arches broad and round,
> That rose, alternate, row and row,
> On ponderous columns, short and low,
> Built ere the art was known,
> By pointed aisle and shafted stalk,
> The arcades of an alley'd walk
> To emulate in stone."

DERMOT AND BLATHMAC AT CLONMACNOISE, A. D. 649.

It was Whitsunday of the year above mentioned, when the throne of Ireland was occupied by Conal and Ceallach, the two sons of Maolcobha. The princes of the southern Hy-Nialls were marching with their vassals to meet the forces of Leath-Mogha, but according to the pious custom of the time, they took occasion to visit Clonmacnoise on their way, in order to invoke the aid of St. Kieran before they ventured to give battle.

It was a beautiful and impressive sight when the Abbot, hearing of their approach, came forth at the head of his monks to meet them. The deep stillness of the Sabbath morn, the kingly Shannon full in sight in one of its widest expansions, with its cross-crowned islands all bright and beauteous in the bloom of early summer; the princes and their attendant chieftains in the graceful garb of our Milesian ancestors, *cota truis*, and *cothal*, all richly striped in various colors, according to the rank of the wearer, and on their heads the Celtic *barrad** with its comical top hanging behind; meeting them came the venerable Abbot with his long train of dark-robed monks, and around were the Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise and the stately college wherein most of the princes of Ireland were educated, and the far-stretching cloisters of that greatest of Irish Abbeys.

"We come, holy father," said Dermot, "to make our orisons at the shrine of St. Kieran, and to ask the prayers of your pious brotherhood on our behalf. We are going forth to battle. The men of Leath-Mogha are strong and fierce in war, and we would pray St. Kieran to assist us that our arms fail not in the hour of trial!"

"Then go, my son," said the aged Abbot, "go up to meet the foe without fear. The Saint on whom you rely will intercede for you with the God of battles. I his servant bless you in His name, and with these my brethren will pray for your success."

"Thanks, holy father," said the two brothers with one voice, as they bared their heads in reverence and in gratitude, "let us now visit the shrine, and then we shall go forth with trusting hearts—strong and hopeful." They were then conducted to the great church of the Abbey, where before the altar they offered up their humble supplications, and having made a princely offering at Kieran's shrine, they departed, strong in the assurance that Heaven was with them.

After a day or two, the royal brothers again appeared before the Abbey gates. This time they came to return thanks for the signal victory gained by them over the Mamonians† at the great battle of Carn-Conal, where the King of Munster with some of his principal chiefs were numbered among the slain. Then did the monks of Clonmacnoise chant the song of praise, and solemn thanksgivings were offered up, and then, too, did Dermot and his brother confer on the Abbey an extensive tract of land in honor of God and holy St. Kieran, on account of the great victory which they had obtained. Dermot also fixed on the Cemetery of Clanmacnoise for his place of sepulture.

These two princes were soon after called to the throne, and are known in Irish history as Blathmac and Dermot the Second. After reigning together for eight years they were both carried off by a dreadful epidemic called the Yellow Plague, which nearly depopulated the whole of Ireland‡ together with the coasts of Britain.

There is one of the Seven Churches of Clanmacnoise called Templemac Dermot, having been founded by the princes of that illustrious line, many of whom have mouldered into dust within and around its walls. The Church where the Princes of Hy-Niall made their offerings, with all the other six, are now shapeless ruins, the College and the Abbey are only to be traced by the aid of history, and the dust of Dermot the Second has long since mingled with that of his mother-earth, but the memory of the piety and munificence which he shared with many others of our princes, should never be forgotten by the Irish nation.

— In our next, THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

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* "Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sanctity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the episcopal seat of the see of Durham, during the early ages of British Christianity." "The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. . . . Lindisfarne is not an island, but rather a semi-isle; for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sand dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about two miles distant."—Note to Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*, pp. 21, 22.

* "So partial were the ancient Irish to the *barrad* that they thought it would fit an angel; accordingly we find it on the head of two angels in an ancient piece of sculpture lately dug up in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Drogheda."—*Walker's Historical Essay on the Dress of the Irish*, p. 8.

† Munster-men.

‡ No less than six Irish Saints died of this plague, with the two monarchs, as stated in the text, and an innumerable multitude of persons of every rank, sex, and age.

DEDICATION IN RHODE ISLAND—INTERESTING CEREMONIES.

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Nov. 12, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—The dedication of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Pawtucket, and the blessing of a new Cemetery, took place on Sunday, the 8th inst., attended with all that splendor and solemnity which the Catholic Church so beautifully adapts to her simplest rites. The preparations were of a superior description, yet in no way at variance with the rites and usages of our holy religion, and the ceremonies were all conducted in strict accordance with the Rubrics.

The Church, though recently enlarged to a considerable extent, was scarcely capable of affording accommodation to the crowds who sought admission—many of whom were Protestants—but owing to the excellent arrangements of the reverend pastor, the greatest order and regularity prevailed, and all had an opportunity of witnessing a scene, which to many was as interesting as it was new. The Very Rev. W. O'Reilly, Administrator of the Diocese, officiated, assisted by a number of the clergy.

The ceremonies commenced at half-past ten o'clock, A. M., and here be it remarked, that nothing we have ever witnessed exceeded the solemnity of the scene. The priests, in procession, succeeded by the Administrator, issued from the sacristy, with the symbol of redemption borne in front, amid the deep and unbroken stillness of the multitude, and proceeded around the exterior of the sacred edifice, chanting the service and sprinkling holy water. On returning to the sanctuary they sang the Litany of the Saints, accompanied by the devout and subdued responses of many of the people. The aspersion of the interior of the building then took place, with the appropriate hymns, after which High Mass commenced. In the celebration of the holy sacrifice, the Very Rev. Administrator was assisted by the Rev. J. Quinn, D. D., Olneyville, Providence, as Deacon; Rev. J. Mulligan, D. D., Cathedral, Providence, as Sub-Deacon; and Rev. P. Lamb, St. Patrick's, Providence, as Master of Ceremonies. Amongst the other clergymen we noticed Rev. Thomas Quinn, Meriden, Conn.; Rev. E. J. Cooney, North End, Providence; Rev. M. M'Callion, Warren; Rev. M. A. Wallace, LL.D., Greenwich; and Rev. P. Delany, Pastor. After the Gospel, Rev. Thomas Quinn ascended the pulpit and delivered one of the most splendid and brilliant orations we have ever heard. The text was from Genesis, chap. ii. v. 7, "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth, and breathed into his face the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

In concluding his eloquent discourse, the preacher passed a well-merited eulogium on the energy and zeal of the clergyman who, under God, has been instrumental in raising our holy religion to its present state in this parish, and congratulated the people upon the blessings with which they were surrounded, blessings purchased by their own generosity, in so freely responding to the calls of their beloved pastor. A collection was then taken up for the new organ, after which the holy sacrifice was concluded, and all dispersed to their respective homes.

At Vespers, a large congregation again assembled to witness the ceremony of blessing the new cemetery, and hear another eloquent discourse from Rev. M. A. Wallace, LL.D. I am sorry the limits of this letter will not permit me to notice more at large a sermon coming from such a source; it must suffice to say, that he handled his subject with that facility and power which characterize the veteran preacher.

During Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, which took place immediately after the sermon, the appearance of the Church was truly splendid. The superior style and beauty of the altar decorations, the profusion of lights reflected on sparkling rays from the golden surface of the Ostensorium to which the gloom of evening gave additional radiance, the rich superb robes of the officiating priest, the acolytes in their snow-white surplices standing on each side of the Sanctuary, the smoke and perfume of the Incense, and the soft and heavenly notes of the magnificent organ as it entoned the *Tantum Ergo*—all conspired to produce a scene of sublime splendor, and to excite those feelings of profound devotion and reverence which the Church so wisely aims at in all her ceremonies.

Immediately after Benediction, the blessing of the Cemetery took place. The scene was very solemn and imposing. Through the gloom of evening heightened by the surrounding trees, the priests might be observed moving around the ground repeating the solemn service, and incensing and sprinkling holy water; they then proceeded to each of the crosses, and having blessed and lighted the candles, the very Rev. Administrator terminated the ceremony with the usual prayer and benediction. The presence of Father O'Reilly in the burial-ground on that evening gave rise to sad and melancholy thoughts in the minds of many. It was well remembered that about three years before, his brother, the late lamented Bishop of this diocese, officiated on a similar occasion; and many a heartfelt prayer was offered to the Throne of Mercy for the eternal repose of the one, and a happy termination of those pious labors, which have marked the career of the other and render him an ornament to the Priesthood.

What proud and happy feelings must have occupied the minds of all on that day in beholding the exalted position of Holy Religion, through a willing and hearty co-operation with the views of their worthy pastor. Their Church is now, in point of beauty, economy of design, furniture, vestments, and alter plate, second to no Church of its size and materials in the diocese; extensive alterations and improvements have been made in the way of additional galleries, painting, avenues and walks beautified and repaired, and above all, a magnificent organ from the firm of Mr. Geo. Stevens, East Cambridge, Boston, fills the spacious orchestra. To protect our youth from the baneful influences of proselytism and immorality, a splendid schoolhouse stands adjacent to the Church, in charge of three competent teachers, and having an average attendance of over 300 children—a handsome parochial house occupies a part of the extensive church lands, with its tasteful lawn and garden, and all this has been accomplished by that happy sympathy of interests existing between the pastor and his flock, without extraneous aid from any quarter. And in order that nothing may be left undone towards training up youth in the way they should go, societies for boys and girls are being established, the one under the patronage of St Aloysius, and the other under that of the Ever Immaculate Mother of God; in addition to these we have our altar and scapular societies for adults.

Though the above facts may give ample grounds for congratulation, we should never forget that we but hold all those blessings in trust from Him who gave them, and instead of arrogating any merit to ourselves we should bow down in humble thanksgiving and exclaim, "Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy name be given all glory." A CATHOLIC.

OPENING OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, GALENA, ILLINOIS.

GALENA, Nov. 14, 1857.

On Sunday last, the much longed for time arrived for the benediction of St. Michael's Church in the city of Galena. The deep interest manifested for the occasion, even by other denominations, caused a large attendance, although the weather was unfavorable. In concert with the organ and choir, "the Galena Brass Band" discoursed harmonious music. The altar was beautifully decorated, bearing the unmistakable evidence of the taste and delicacy of the ladies' hands, to whose influence and exertions is largely attributable the early opening of the Church in this city for service.

The celebration of High Mass commenced at eleven o'clock, there being in attendance the Right Rev. Bishop Loras, of Dubuque, and five clergymen. The Gospel was read from the 9th chapter of St. Matthew, verse 18 to 26. An eloquent and instructive sermon was preached by Rev. Father Dillon, of Chicago, who afterwards alluded briefly, though in flattering terms, to the erection of so fine a building by the Catholics of Galena, and being for their own and their posterity's benefit, he exhorted them to still persevere and continue the work on to completion, when they would then have an edifice that would compare with any of its kind, consecrated to the service of God, who would most certainly shower down upon them ten-fold blessings, to reward them for so meritorious an undertaking.

At Vespers, the Right Rev. Bishop addressed the congregation, expressing his great pleasure and satisfaction of the progress of the Catholic faith here, as manifested by their numbers, and their ability to erect such a structure. They deserved great praise, and it was an honor to themselves and a glory to God. Collections were taken both in the morning and evening, at which liberal contributions were made.

This building is among the finest Church edifices of the West. It is large and commodious, and capable of accommodating two thousand persons. As a work of art it is a credit to the architect, and when completed, it will, as a building, be an honor to North Western Illinois, and as a Church, a worthy monument to the untiring exertions of the Catholics of Galena, who are ever ready with a liberal hand when called upon. But whether as a building or a Church, it is a great improvement, and a source of pride to the city of Galena.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE

The next news from India.—Arrival of the Colombo.—English Atrocities described by English writers.—Rumored loss of a transport steamer.—Presentation to the Commander-in-Chief.—Speeches and Lectures on India.—The Pope's subscription to the Indian Relief Fund.—The London Firemen.—Negligence of the Commissariat Department at Calcutta.—China.—Further prorogation of Parliament.—Chartism redivivus.—Unsuccessful attempt to launch the Great Eastern.—A luminary extinguished.—Conversions.—Religious Items.—Ireland.

LONDON, 6th November, 1857.

At no period of the struggle in India was news more anxiously looked for than is the intelligence which will be due here on this day week. Notwithstanding the rejoicings which followed the reported capture of Delhi even the most jubilant among us hear a still small voice whispering them that they are, perhaps, like the man in the fable, selling the bear's skin before having killed the animal. Nothing in the details of the news or in the private letters contradicts the account I gave you in my last letter—which account I carefully sifted from the mass of despatches, rumors, and contradictory statements, and which is, I undertake to say, the correct resume of the situation up to the last reliable accounts.

The principal portion of the mails arrived on Tuesday last at Southampton by the *Colombo*. That steamer has brought many Indian refugees, mostly ladies of all ages, from 6 years upwards. They give most thrilling descriptions of their escapes and their wonderful adventures by flood and field. Some of those recitals lead me to suppose that the Sepoys did not desire anything better than to get rid of those fair heroines. Among the letters are a few which give vivid descriptions of the humane proceeding of blowing the insurgents from guns. One in particular, is very minute in the details of this English punishment, describing how the unfortunate victims were bound to the guns, their backs to the mouths, and their arms tied to the wheels. After the firing of the guns, "it was *a regular shower of human fragments, of heads, arms, and legs*, and when the smoke clears away, *fragments of Hindoos and fragments of Mussulmans all mixed together*," are all that remains of the poor victims. The same letter informs us that during these fearful scenes "perfect callousness" is depicted on every Englishman's face, and a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen on the countenances of the gunners serving the guns. Not even the calm bravery and dignified fortitude with which the insurgents meet their terrible doom, could touch the hearts of the hardened British soldiery. What an admirable way of civilizing and *christianizing* the Hindoos. England's course is the one which is forced on all those who walk in the path of rapine, cruelty, injustice, and hypocrisy; crimes already committed must be followed with greater atrocities and more unblushing falsehood. If the English are not sowing a second crop of hate in the breasts of all Asiatics, then we know nothing of the Asiatic character.

It is reported that the screw steamer *Hydaspes* having on board over six hundred men and officers of the Royal Artillery, bound for India, has been lost. The *Globe* states that the Admiralty had as yet received no news of the catastrophe.

We have been lately treated to a "humbug festival," in the shape of the presentation to the Duke of Cambridge, by the Common Council, of the freedom of the City of London, and a sword, the magnificence of which is much spoken of by the journals. After the usual "humbug" ceremonies were gone through, our warlike Commander-in-Chief delivered one of his desultory discourses, which, like all the oratorical attempts of the gracious Duke, was remarkable for nothing in particular. As is usually the case in festivals of a municipal origin, the affair was succeeded by a banquet, at which among other distinguished persons were those much-to-be-pitied dignitaries, the Siamese Ambassadors, who are dragged about every where as supernumeraries to add to the stage effect. After dinner, the Commander-in-Chief, whose "brilliant services" motived the demonstration, again mounted his oratorical hobby, but performed nothing more remarkable than his attempt of the afternoon.

India still furnishes a theme for all who are subject to the speaking fever, whether the malady betrays itself in after-dinner speeches, mortification sermons, or studied lectures. Lord Brougham, who has been discoursing postprandially in Penrith, considers that if the English should be defeated and driven out of India, England's name would be lowered, her reputation tarnished, her honor lost, as well as the only sure defences of the nation. Lord Harrowby has also been saying his say on the great subject at the annual dinner of an agricultural society. His lordship opines that the attempt to govern India by English troops alone, would ruin the finances, and therefore they must try to govern India through the natives, or give it up altogether. The latter alternative seems at present the most feasible. A Rev. Mr. Bellew, just returned from the seat of war, has delivered a lecture in Exeter Hall, before a numerous auditory, among whom were many ladies dressed in black, relatives of some of those who have perished in the insurrection. Mr. Bellew stated that as he had long resided in India, and had known many of those who had been killed, he "could no longer restrain his feelings," and was obliged to give vent to them in a lecture. He pretended to give a historical sketch of India, but of course said nothing of the crimes of all sorts, robberies, assassinations, forgeries, &c., committed by Clive, and hung a thick veil over the abominations of Hastings. The reverend gentleman advocated "hanging the King of Delhi on the nearest tree," a sentiment applauded to the echo by his devout hearers. Lord Canning's "puling humanity" was, of course, fiercely denounced. The worthy lecturer said that if any one should ask the proper moment for Indian reform, he would answer "now," to which I am inclined to add, "or never;" and I think it is much more likely to be "never" than "now."

It is stated in an Irish paper on the authority of a private letter from Rome that Pope Pius has given two thousand francs from his private purse to the Indian Relief fund.

The London firemen got up a procession on Thursday last in favor of the Relief fund. One of the body represented Nena Saheb who has been metamorphosed into a "fiend" for the Cockney market. Nena's representative was in chains with a rope around his neck, and was labelled: "Sausages for to-morrow." This is an evidence of the *animus* of the masses here and this is the spirit our enlightened press has succeeded in creating.

Letters from Calcutta are severe in their denunciation of the supineness of the authorities there in making arrangements for the reception of the troops. The scenes of the Crimea are again enacted on the banks of the Hoogly. There were no quarters prepared for troops which had already arrived and they are obliged to remain several days on board the transport ships or in the fortress. There are no means of forwarding them up the country where they are so badly wanted. It is thought that when the troops shall pour in in tens of thousands they will be exposed to the greatest inconvenience and will lack proper accommodation and even sufficient supplies of food. A correspondent of a city paper says that if the commissariat and other departments are not greatly improved before the arrival of the large bodies of troops, they will die off by hundreds.

A French journal which has received private intelligence from Hong Kong, announces that Yeh had been raised to a high post of dignity near the person of the illustrious offspring of the Sun and Moon. This rank according to the journal in question (which is a semi-official organ of the French government) is only given to princes of the blood. The Viceroy has received orders (to summon the English) to evacuate Canton and, in case of refusal, to declare war officially against England.

I have already announced the prorogation of Parliament to this day, but the assembling of the concentrated wisdom of the nation has been again postponed to the 17th of next month, by order of her Majesty in a Council held at Windsor on Wednesday last.

Our old friends the Chartists are endeavoring to resuscitate their association. A meeting of some well-known Chartists and sympathizers was held in Birmingham in the commencement of the week. It was resolved that the war, Indian revolts, increased taxation, pauperism and crime, are the result of class legislation and irresponsible power in the Cabinet—that the national industry of the British people is sufficient to make them happy, great and free—and that the only means of accomplishing that end is through the People's Charter—finally, that they would use all constitutional means of making the Charter the law of the land.

The attempt to launch the Leviathian, *ne* Great Eastern, has resulted in a failure, which caused great disappointment to the numerous and respectable individuals in this metropolis who belong to the inoffensive though not very useful class known as sight-seers. What is more to be regretted is, that one of the consequences of the failure has been severe injury to four or five of the workmen, two of whom are in a very precarious state. It is needless to say that among the distinguished persons present at the failure, were the unfortunate Siamese Ambassadors. Another attempt will be made on the 2nd December.

A shining light of "the Church" in Hull has been put out in a most unpleasant way. A Mr. Bright, who, enjoying the confidence of his fellow luminaries as a well-to-do corn merchant, was even thought worthy of being chosen as the Champion of the Established Church in Hull has been brought before the Courts on charge of having committed several forgeries. He was the medium of making the small change of several evangelical clergymen increase tenfold by a little speculation. The denunciation of this tract-distributing swindler has brought dismay into "the fold" and many of the lambs have now discovered that they have been "fleeced." Even the "shepherds" have been bitten by the wolf.

The Rev. Mr H. Oxenham, a distinguished Oxonian, has abjured the errors of Anglicanism, and has been received into the bosom of the true Church, at Bayswater, by the Very Rev. Dr. Manning. The Rev. H. Collins, formerly of Saint Saviours, Leeds, has likewise been received into the Holy Catholic Church, by the Rev. Mr. Coffin, in the Chapel of Grace Dieu Manor, the residence of A. L. Phillips, Esq.

The benediction and laying of the foundation stone of the convent, to be occupied by the Oblate sisters of Mary Immaculate in Leeds, took place on Wednesday. The stone was blessed by his Grace the Bishop of Beverly, who was assisted in the ceremony by a number of the reverend clergy of the neighborhood.

Four sisters of the order of our Lady of the Orphans left Norwood on Monday for Havre, whence they were to proceed to the West Indies. The pious missionaries were accompanied to the railway station by the Bishop of Southwark. The Sisters were to be joined at Havre by three other religious of their order from La Delivrande. May their labors receive the blessing their sublime devotion deserves!

From Ireland, the news is in general satisfactory. A slight run had been made on the banks in some parts of the country, but they had stood the brunt of it, and seem perfectly confident of weathering the financial tempest. Certain proclamations, sympathizing with the insurgents in Hindostan, have an unpleasant effect on the bile of some of our English cotemporaries. The Orange Grand Lodge met on Tuesday, in solemn and secret conclave, under the Presidency of the Grand Master, Lord Enniskillen. The "great guns" of the society nearly "went off" at the very idea of dissolving an association which has done so much for promoting peace, order, and brotherly love in the country. A most wonderful pronunciamento is expected. The result, however, of the united cogitation of the heads (if not the brains) of Orangeism, will be a vast amount of sound and fury, signifying very little. W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Death of General Cavaignac.—What the Government Organs say of him.—Particulars of the sad event.—Description of the Funeral.—Biographical Sketch.—Decree regulating the Indemnities allowed to Archbishops and Bishops on nomination to or translation from a See.—Negotiations at Rome.—Change in the Ritual.—Prayers for the reigning Family.—Consecration of the Bishop of Saint Flour.—The new Bishop of Valence.

PARIS, 1st November, 1857.

France has just lost a good citizen, and a man of worth, who has carried with him to the tomb the regrets of all parties, even those the most opposed to him in opinion:—General Cavaignac is dead. History will not forget the man who saved France and society from the horrors of Red Republicanism. The journals, official and otherwise, unite in rendering the tribute of admiration to the worth of the deceased general. The *Constitutionnel* says that the revolution found in Eugene Cavaignac not a party leader but a general capable of defending civilization against the Huns and Vandals of the nineteenth century, who threatened it, and claims him as well as those who used his name as a pass-word to serve their partizan passions. The *Pays* says that "M. Cavaignac has rendered important services to the cause of order;" and the *Patrie* devotes to the dead soldier a long article, in which it says that France, saved by the sword of Cavaignac, who was of her most illustrious citizens, will grieve over his loss. The *Moniteur* itself says that the General rendered great service to the cause of order while he was at the head of the executive power, and his loss will be deeply regretted.

Gen. Cavaignac who has been for some time past at his Chateau d'Ourmes, in the Commune of Chateau du Loir, (department of Sarthe), was leaving his residence, gun in hand, (on Wednesday, about four in the evening,) to inspect the labors of his workmen, and at the same time to pay a visit to his friend and neighbor, M. Gustave de Beaumont, author of an interesting work on Ireland, entitled *L'Irlande Politique, Sociale et Religieuse*. When he reached the foot of the stairs he stopped short, reached his gun to the servant who followed him and said: "It is strange, but I feel quite ill." As he was about to fall, the servant rushed forward and caught him in his arms. The General was senseless, and in a few moments was a corpse. Immediately on hearing the dreadful news, Mme. Cavaignac and one of her relations set out for Paris in a post-chaise, bearing with them all that remained of Eugene Cavaignac. The body was placed in the house of his father-in-law, M. Odier, where it remained until yesterday when the funeral took place.

Before ten o'clock a large crowd had gathered about the house and in the adjoining streets. At ten o'clock the troops who were to form part of the *cortege* arrived, and at noon the procession commenced its march towards the church of Saint Louis-d'Antin. In front was a detachment of hussars, followed by another of chasseurs-a-pied with their band and a batallion of the 4th of the line likewise with its band. Next came the funeral car, hung with flags and bearing the general's epaulettes, sword and decoration. The chief mourners were General Stanislas Cavaignac, the uncle, and M. James Odier, the father-in-law of the deceased. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Bastide, Goudchaux, Guinard and Bayard. Behind the car there was an immense concourse of people of all ranks and parties, officers of the army, member of former political assemblies, men of letters, merchants, tradesmen, &c. The procession was closed by a batallion of the 8th of the line and a detachment of hussars. The church could only contain a small portion of the concourse; the greater number remained standing in respectful silence, during the ceremony, in front of the church and in the streets leading to it. Among those present were M. de Tocqueville, Odillon Barrot, Garnier-Pages, Cremieux, &c. The Cure of Saint Louis d'Antin officiated. After the Mass, which was only terminated at two o'clock, the procession moved towards the Cemetery of Montmartre. Immense crowds lined the streets through which the funeral passed, to such an extent that in some places it had barely room to pass. Arrived at the Cemetery the gates were shut after the entrance of the family and some friends, but subsequently two or three hundred persons having letters of invitation were admitted. The neighborhood of the Cemetery was occupied by detachments of the Guards of Paris, horse and foot, the infantry of the line, and a number of *Sergens de Ville*. The other persons who joined in the funeral, and who numbered several thousands, waited on the boulevard the end of the ceremony. After the prayers military honors were rendered to the General, and the body was placed in the family tomb.

A short biographical sketch of the man who held the reigns of power in France in June 1848, will, I am certain be acceptable to your readers. Louis Eugene Cavaignac was born in Paris on the 15th October 1802, and was consequently fifty-five years old when death took from his friends so suddenly. He entered the Polytechnic School on the 1st October 1820, and on leaving that institution entered the School of Application at Metz. Three years later he was commissioned as a sous-lieutenant in a regiment of Engineers. In 1828 and 1829, Eugene Cavaignac went through the Campaign of the Morea and became a lieutenant. He was 28 years old when the Revolution of July broke out. In October 1830 he was made captain and joined the Army of Africa where he showed evidence of great military talents. His defence in Tlemcen in 1836 at the head of a few brave soldiers was a brilliant exploit and the following year he was appointed Chef de Bataillon of those famous soldiers, the Zouaves. In June 1840 he was made Lieutenant Colonel, Colonel in 1841, and was promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal in September 1844. After the final overthrow of Abd-el Kader, General Cavaignac was appointed to command the province of Oran and occupied that fort when the revolution of February 1848 took place. He was made a General of Division by the government of the Republic and was appointed Governor-General of Algeria. On the 20th March following the Provincial Government called him to the post of Minister at War. He at first declined the honor but accepted the portfolio on the 17th of May, in obedience, as I have been assured by one of his college comrades, to the solicitations of his mother. During the days of June the National Assembly placed all power in the hands of General Cavaignac who became head of the executive and after the election of the 10th December yielded up to the Assembly the power it had confided to him. In 1852, the General was elected deputy by the Department of the Seine, but declined serving. On the 20th January of the same year, the General at his own request was placed on half pay. At

the late elections he was again named, at Paris, Deputy to the Corps Legislatif. The General received two wounds in Africa; one at the defence of Cherchell where a ball entered his thigh and in 1842, when Milianah was relieved by Gen. Changarnier, he was struck by another ball while covering the retreat. Gen. Cavaignac married in 1852, Mlle. Odier, daughter of M. James Odier, regent of the Bank, and leaves a son of the age of four years.

A royal decree of the 4th September, 1859, fixed the maximum of the indemnity accorded to members of the episcopacy for the expenses of their installation. That decree granted 15 000 francs to archbishops and 10,000 to bishops, but did not provide for translation to other Sees. A decree dated the 12th October, maintains the indemnity of 15,000 francs to archbishops and 10,000 francs to bishops and regulates as follows the indemnity allowed in the case of a prelated being translated to another see: To bishops promoted to archbishoprics 5,000 francs; to archbishops transferred to another archiepiscopal see, 5,000 francs, and to bishops transferred to another episcopal see 4,000 francs. This decree does not apply to the archbishopric of Paris.

A good deal has been said lately about negociations, which were being carried on at Rome by the Imperial Government, in order to obtain from the Pope the permission to change the prayers which are read in the French at the Canon of the Mass. Here are the facts: The Canon of the Mass as it is in all the French prayer-books, contains the prayer for the *King* and the *Royal* family. As the Holy See alone has the right to make any change in the Canon of the Mass, it has remained up to the present in the missal, but will soon disappear in consequence of the change of ritual. Thus, in the diocese of Paris, where, according to an archiepiscopal decision, the Roman Breviary is to be adopted, all the Mass-books will be renewed. This is the reason of the demand of the French Government. The same change will take place successively in all the other dioceses according as new editions of Mass-books shall be printed.

The Consecration of Mgr. de Pompignac, Bishop of Saint Flour, took place in that city on the 28th inst. The Consecrating Prelate, Mgr. Lyonnet, Bishop of Valence, and the new bishop's predecessors. His Grace was assisted by Mgr. d'Autun, who has also formerly occupied the episcopal chair of Saint Flour, and Mgr. Lacarriere, formerly Bishop of the Basse Terre. Mgr. Lyonnet, the new bishop of Valence, will make his entry into his diocese in the course of the coming week.

CITY NEWS.

The Lecture of His Grace the Archbishop in St. James's Church.—St. James's Church in this city was crowded to suffocation on Sunday evening last, in consequence of the announcement that his Grace Archbishop Hughes would on that evening deliver a lecture on "The Education of the Catholic Youth." As a proof of the full attendance, it is only sufficient to state that the receipts of admission amounted to fifteen hundred dollars, which sum is intended to be applied to the benefit of St. James's Free School, attached to the church. It is unnecessary to say that the subject was an appropriate one, and peculiarly adapted to the present time. His Grace commenced by congratulating the audience on the deep interest which was displayed in Catholic education, as shown by the efforts which the Catholics of New York had made in the erection and support of schools, and in the large audience which had assembled on this occasion. He then proceeded to say that the education afforded by the State was imperfect, because it was, or professed to be wholly secular, and ignored the moral and religious culture of youth. To the absence of proper religious training, and to the fact that the State had usurped the place of the church and the family in the management and discipline of the schools, which he regarded as a purely governmental institution, might be attributed no inconsiderable portion of the crime which has rendered New York so prominent among American cities. The Catholic community had always opposed the system, and unwilling to trust their children to its influence they had, although required to pay their portion of the public school expenses, established schools of their own and supported them at their own expense. This they were willing to do rather than have their children educated under such a demoralizing system. And in saying this he did not wish to be understood as reflecting upon the character of the teachers; no matter how good they might be, the system itself being radically wrong must be injurious in its effects. If, however, said the Archbishop, they give us but one-third of all the taxes we have paid for school purposes we will engage to make the duties of both Judge and policeman less arduous. We would then show them what public education is, and prove that it does not consist in the learning of this or that study, but in the formation of the moral and religious as well as the intellectual character of the pupil. In conclusion the Archbishop expressed his belief that the day would soon arrive when every Catholic Church would have a suitable school-house attached to it, and that despite of the burden which the State had imposed on the Catholics, in the form of school tax, they would be enabled to successfully perform the great work which they had undertaken.

The English in the United States.—Napier, the British Minister at present in Washington, and who has been appointed in place of Crampton, turned off for mal-practices during the Pierce administration, has given instructions to the different English Consuls in the United States to appeal to the British residents here for contributions to the "Indian Relief Fund." As Englishmen rarely become citizens of the United States, it is very likely the appeal will be responded to by many of them. With this we are not of course disposed to quarrel. But we do take exception to the means resorted to for obtaining the desired end—namely, the assertion of certain atrocities said to have been committed by the Sepoys, of which there does not exist the least proof, and which are resorted to for the double purpose of creating a sympathy for England here, as well as of turning people's attention from the quarter in which said atrocities were actually perpetrated. This is an old English method, however, and has become pretty well understood before now. Besides, the United States is rather an awkward place for endeavoring to get up a sympathy on this score. So near the scene of Brandt's atrocities, and the heartless Tappan conflagration, it is sadly out of place; and coming down to later times, people have not forgotten the villanies of Cockburn, the smouldering ruins of the Capitol at Washington, with the President's house and the valuable library, as well as the hellish disposition which vented itself in the cry of "beauty and booty" in New Orleans, and which needed but success to be borne out to its fiercest extent. It is the accumulation of tortures of this nature which has produced the Sepoy insurrection. The robber who breaks into the domestic hearth for the purpose of plunder must not complain when smote down in the perpetration of his design. Such is exactly the case in India. For years the unfortunate natives have been ruthlessly despoiled of their lives, property and liberty, by an insatiable enemy. At length, goaded into desperation, they have determined to be free and to drive him from the land. May their noble resolution be speedily crowned with success we earnestly entreat. Had Edward Mortimer Archibald, Esq., her "Britannic Majesty's Consul in New York," but paid a trifling attention to the incidents alluded to above, it would have considerably enhanced the value of his recent literary effort, as well as prevent people from being compelled to the disagreeable necessity of writing him down an ass.

Crime in New York and its Vicinity.—We are not alarmists; neither do we care to cause nervous people unnecessary alarms, yet we cannot forbear noticing the immense amount of crime perpetrated in this city within a week. Murders, stabbings, attempts at assassinations, as well as other diabolical deeds, go to swell a catalogue of crime unprecedented heretofore. Persons at a distance, no doubt, imagine that those excesses are the result of poverty and destitution; such, however, is not the case. The parties charged with the perpetration of the above outrages appear to be persons in no wise affected by the present stringency of the times. True poverty is more readily found in obscure garrets than on the public thoroughfares. Nor can these outrages be attributed to party animosities, as some of the city papers would lead their readers to suppose. But by far the most appalling on the list of diasters is the wholesale and indiscriminate massacre which took place at Port Jefferson, Long Island, on Saturday last. The facts connected with this fiendish outrage appear to be as follows: On the morning in question it appears that one Waters, a resident of Port Jefferson, entered his dwelling, where his wife, her daughter, and her daughter's husband, (Mr. Sturdevant,) were partaking of breakfast. Armed with a heavy bar of iron, Waters attacked the party, killing his wife and Mr. Sturdevant almost instantly, and wounding Mrs. Sturdevant so seriously as to render her recovery very doubtful. Having accomplished this horrid deed, the fiend proceeded to his barn and hanged himself. The cause which prompted Waters to the commission of the above fearful atrocity is said to be owing to the fact that Mrs. Waters was very much attached to her daughter and her daughter's husband, and possessing a good deal of property since the death of her first husband, was very liberal with her daughter. He was also under the impression that at her death his wife would will her property to Mrs. Sturdevant and her family, and it was for the purpose of preventing what he deemed so fearful a consummation that prompted him to have recourse to murder. All the parties connected with this melancholy outrage are well known in Long Island and its vicinity. Mrs. Waters was first married to a Mr. Darling, a shipbuilder in Port Jefferson. She was united to Waters about two years since.

The Fair at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, 14th St.—The success attending the Ladies' Fair for the benefit of this new Church exceeds the expectations of its most sanguine friends. Notwithstanding the stringency of the times the Fair is nightly crowded with visitors. The money accruing from the sale of admission tickets is of itself very considerable. In consequence of the great success attending this, their undertaking, the ladies have very properly concluded not to bring the Fair to so speedy a termination as they first intended, but have resolved to continue it for another week. The pleasure of the numerous visitors on Friday evening was greatly enhanced by the presence among them of his Grace Archbishop Hughes. His Grace having kindly consented to address a few words of encouragement to those who exerted themselves, and who were mainly instrumental in getting up the Fair, ascended for that purpose the platform on which the altar is to be erected, and delivered an address which lasted about half an hour, and which commenced by expressing his delight at the number of those assembled, as well as the beauty of the Church:

It was, he said, a proof of their faith and their zeal to promote so noble a work. When the dogma, of which this church is to be a memorial and a monument, was proclaimed as an article of faith, he was but four or five feet distant from the Holy Father. Just at that moment he resolved on his return to New York to have this church erected to commemorate that event. He knew the Catholics of this city would enable him to carry out that resolution, but he desired especially that the ladies of New York—the children, the daughters of Mary—have the credit and honor of this church, raised as a monument of the Immaculate Conception. He felt happy that he was not deceived or disappointed. How consoling to those who have contributed to this church, as well as to those who conduct and patronize this fair, to reflect that when they and all of us have passed away, and are consigned to our last resting place to make way for another generation, many a heart will come before the altar to be here erected, burthened with a load of misery, to send petitions from this shrine to the throne of grace and mercy—that many such heart will depart from here lightened of its burthen, full of joy, of peace and happiness.

When his Grace had concluded, a deafening burst of applause and congratulation resounded through the entire edifice; many of those who were present remarking that it was only quite appropriate that the voice of him who first conceived the idea of the erection of the church should be the first heard within its walls.

The Unemployed.—Meetings of the unemployed continue to come off yet, but are not so numerously attended as in the commencement. We are glad to perceive that the workingmen have repudiated all connection with those who would be likely to incite them to a breach of the peace; in fact, they have wholly disconnected themselves from any and all association with them. This is right; and we are rejoiced to be enabled to chronicle the fact. As the Central Park will not afford sufficient employment to all, it is absolutely necessary to set on work in other quarters. A cotemporary very pertinently asks what has become of the project for a new City Hall? The question is a proper one. Aside from the dictates of charity, the public interest requires that those who are both able and willing to labor, should be provided for without delay.

The question of war with the Mormons engrosses a fair share of public attention just now, besides giving the majority of our morning and weekly cotemporaries ample opportunities of displaying their *usual amount* of philosophy and clear-sightedness under difficulties. As for ourselves, we cannot help thinking that the present condition of things in Utah is the legitimate consequence of Protestantism. It also worthy of remark, that the great majority of the Mormons belong to the "great and all-absorbing Anglo Saxon race."

There were 320 deaths in this city last week, being a decrease of 62 on that of the previous one.

Dr. Ives' Lecture.—The eminent scholar, Dr. Ives, delivered a lecture before the Catholic Library Association at Hope Chapel, on the evening of Wednesday, the 18th inst. A numerous and highly intellectual audience was present, who listened to the Doctor's remarks with eagerness and attention.

The November term for the the Court of Sessions concluded on Saturday last. Rodgers, convicted of the murder of John Swanston, was sentenced to be hanged on the 15th of January next. John B. Holmes, a rather notorious character, was sent to the State Prison for 15 years. His crime was forgery. Holmes was born in India. His father was a non-commissioned officer in the British Army.

A numerous meeting of the friends and supporters of Mayor Wood took place at Tammany Hall on Monday evening last, for the purpose of ratifying his nomination for Mayor. Great enthusiasm was manifested. There is scarcely a doubt of his re-election by a large majority.

The first snow here fell on Sunday morning last. It was light, however, and soon melted away. The weather, which, for a few days previous, was intensely cold, became quite moderate on Sunday.

NEWS FROM EUROPE.

We have four days later European intelligence by the *Atlantic*, which arrived here on Sunday evening last. Indian accounts come up to the end of September. The truth begins to leak out with regard to the loss of the army before Delhi. First it was stated that the besiegers lost but six hundred men, and 50 officers in the assault, now the numbers are swelled to 61 officers and 1178 men—being one-third of the storming force. Generals Neill and Nicholson are both dead. They were each inhuman monsters, and merited death on a gibbet rather than in the field. Neill was the more blood-thirsty of the two. It was under his personal supervision that many of the most heart-rending and atrocious massacres perpetrated by the British, since the commencement of the war, were enacted. It was rumored that the old King of Delhi had surrendered to the British. Two of his sons and a grandson were reported to be murdered. A rising at Nassack, in the Bombay Presidency, was reported also on good authority. A commercial panic had seized all England, and on the 9th inst. the bank raised its discount to ten per cent. The Western Bank of Scotland having almost one hundred branches went down, as well as the old established house of Dennistoun & Co., of Glasgow. Some of the most prominent houses in London and Liverpool had also gone down, involving immense liabilities.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

Diocese of Louisville.—On Sunday, the Feast of All Saints, the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered Confirmation to fifty persons in the Church of Saint Augustine, Lebanon, Ky. On the previous day, he had arrived at Lebanon on the first train of cars which reached that thriving town. Great was the rejoicing of the people at the arrival of the first train cars at the Lebanon depot. On Thursday, the Bishop went to Loretto, where, on the following morning, he confirmed fourteen, all but one pupils of the academy. On the same morning, he went to the Church of the Holy Cross—the oldest in the diocese—where he confirmed sixty-one persons, who were in attendance, in spite of the elements. On Saturday, the Bishop confirmed thirty-nine at the old church of St. Vincent, where he made the necessary arrangements for the building of a new church, next year. On the same day, he visited the Trappists at Gethsemani. They are generally well, in spite of their austerities. Their new church, and a portion of their vast monastery, are covered in, though not completed. When finished, the monastery may contain hundreds of monks.—*Correspondent of the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

Bishop Whelan.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Wheeling is now in Europe, raising funds for the benefit of some of the Catholic institutions of his poor and extensive diocese. By the last accounts he was in Vienna, where he was most cordially and honorably received by the young Emperor and his consort, and other high personages of that city.

The Managers of St. Paul's Orphan Asylum acknowledge the receipt of $17 25, in groceries and merchandize, from the hands in the Pittsburgh Glass Works, and $10 from those employed in the Iron Works of Jones and Lauth, collected by Mr. Glennan. This mark of generosity, on their part, is most kindly appreciated by those having charge of the Asylum, as well as by the orphans themselves.—*Catholic.*

The Right Rev. Bishop McGill, of Richmond, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about sixty persons in St. Paul's Church, Portsmouth, Va., on Sunday week last. The *Transcript* of that city speaks in high terms of the eloquent sermon accompanying.

(*For* Markets, *see page* 16.)

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension. Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins or large size, 8 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or common; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing.....12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above.....50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter.....12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing.....6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to pupils' accent and diction), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
jn6 3m

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.
Preparatory Class, $28 per annum
Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. sep19

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is.....$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin.....135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra.....15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum.....20
Music, per annum.....40
Use of Piano, per annum.....8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session.....$60 00
Stationery and Books.....7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding.....10 00
Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
ag29 tf JOHN MCKINNEY, *Principal.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

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1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Fray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & CO., Bankers, London; GUION & CO., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston.
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NEW YORK MARKETS.

COTTON—Very little has been done, the market continuing unsettled and heavy, and we are unable to give a reliable quotation. Some few bales Middling Uplands have sold as low as 12c., showing 1c. decline from the recent advance.

COFFEE—The market is flat and heavy; we only heard of sales of 400 bags Rio at 9¼@10c.

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HAY—The demand is good for shipping, and holders are firm; sales of 700 bales at 55@60c. ₩ 100 lb.

LEATHER—Hemlock and Oak are unchanged, and moderate demand prevails.

PROVISIONS—The inquiry for Pork is very light and in the absence of sales prices are nominal; $19 50 for old and new Mess; and $17 for Prime. Beef is heavy and very quiet; the arrivals are liberal, and those in prospect are large; sales of 100 bbls. at $6@$7 for Country Prime; $9 50@$10 50 for do. Mess; $14 for Repacked Mess; and $15 for extra do. Prime Mess is quiet at $21@25. Beef Hams are firm but quiet; sales of 25 bbls. at $14 50@$17. Bacon is in limited demand at 12@12½c. Cut Meats are scarce and nominal at 8½c. for Shoulders, 10½c. for Hams. Dressed Hogs are not plenty, and in good demand at 6¾@7½c. Buter is in good supply and in fair request; sales of Ohio at 12@19c.; and State at 15@20c. Cheese is in good request at 6@8c.

SUGARS—There continues an uneasy feeling among holders, who offer freely at gradually declining prices; the sales are 640 hhds. Cuba at 5@6¾c.; 100 hhds. Porto Rico at 5¾@8¼c.; and 250 boxes Havana at 4¾@7¾c., the fomer figure for 200 boxes, cash, in bond for export.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed is moderate, and prices are nominal at 8½c. Rough Flaxseed has declined to $1 12½ ₩ bush.

Family Marketing.

The following gives the retail price of the principal articles of Farm Produce in the city of New York on Saturday, November 21:

MEAT—Hind quarters, ₩ lb, 8@11c.; Fore quarters, ₩ lb, 7@9c.; P. H. Steak, ₩ lb, 18@20c.; Sirloin Steaks, ₩ lb, 15@16c.; Rump Steaks, ₩ lb, 12@14c.; Roast pieces, ₩ lb. 14@16c.; Corned, ₩ lb, 10@12c.; Smoked, ₩ lb, 14@16c.; Tongues, each, 75c.@$1; Mutton carcass, ₩ lb, 8@11c.; Mutton hind quarters, ₩ lb, 9@10c.; Mutton, hind quarters, ₩ lb, 12c.; Mutton Chops, ₩ lb, 15c.; Veal, hind quarters, ₩ lb, 14@15c.; Veal Cutlets, ₩ lb, 18@20c.; Venison, ₩ lb, 16@18c.; Hares, pair, 75c.

PORK—Carcasses, per cwt., $9 75@$10; at retail, ₩ lb, 12½@14c.; Hams, smoked, ₩ lb, 16c.; Shoulders, do., ₩ lb, 13@14c.; Sides, do., ₩ lb, 12½@13c.; Bacon, ₩ lb, 15c.; Pickled, ₩ lb, 12@15c.; Sausages, ₩ lb, 14c.; Roasting Pigs, each, $1 75@$2 50.

POULTRY—Turkeys, ₩ lb, 15@18c.; Geese, each, $125@$2; Ducks, tame, pair, $1 25@$1 75; Broad Bills, pair, 75c.; Fowls, pair, $1@$1 25; Chickens, pair, 75c.@$1 50.

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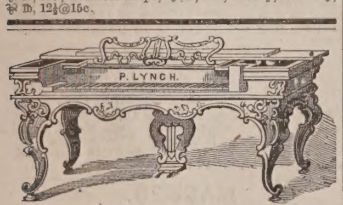

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